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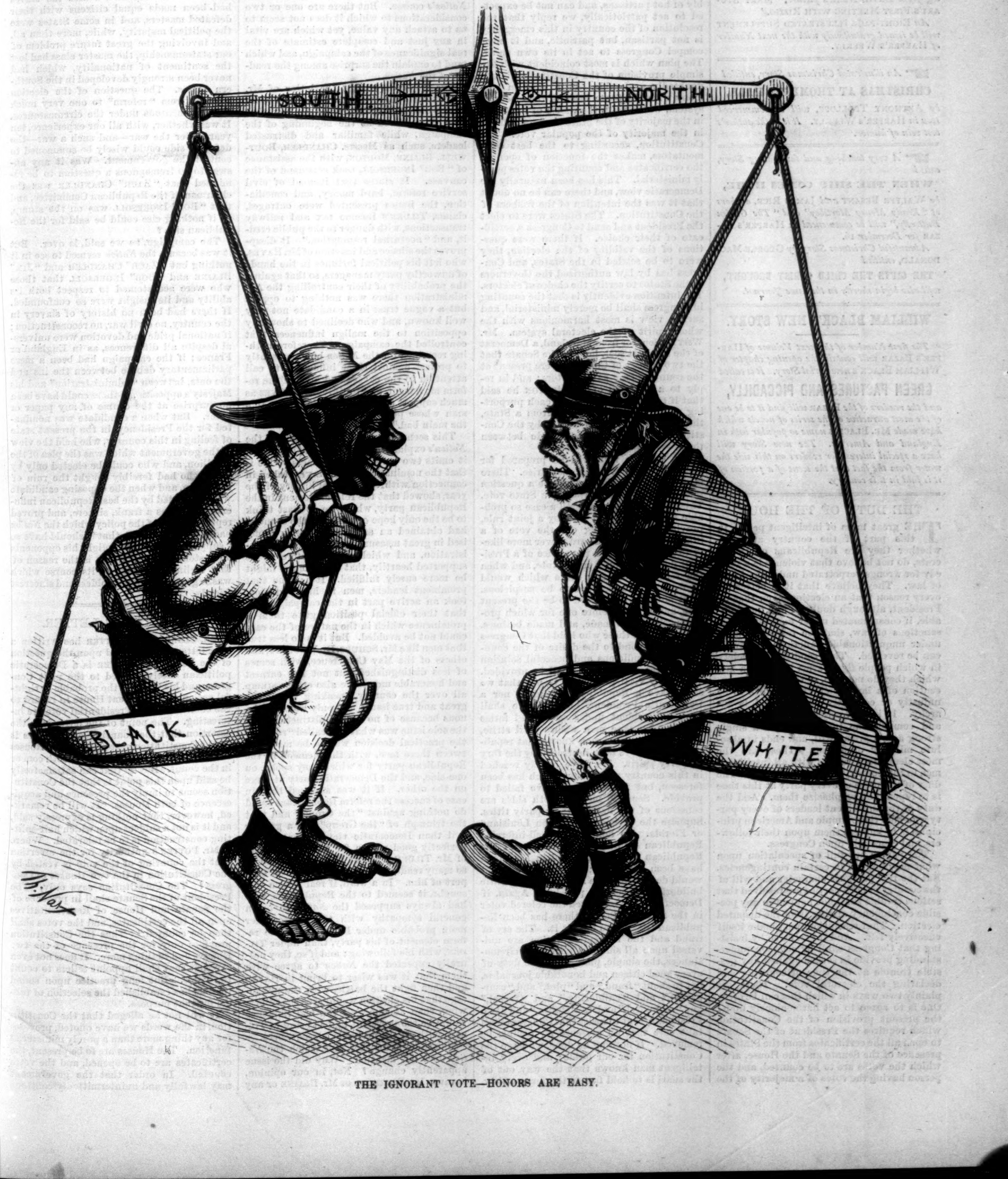

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1876.

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE great mass of intelligent people in this part of the country at least, whether they are Republicans or Democrats, do not believe that violence is a remedy for wrongs perpetrated under the forms of law. They believe that it is better for every reason that an election, even that of President, although doubtful and questionable, if consummated under unquestionable sanctions of law, shall be respected until under unquestionable sanctions of law it can be reversed. That condition of society in which people fly to arms to annul a law which they do not like, or to oppose the execution of a law which they believe to be unjustly or corruptly administered, is anarchy. It is that situation which invites and compels the interference of a single strong and supreme will, and ends in absolute military despotism. These are the most elementary axioms with all intelligent men in this country, of whatever party. The duty of the press of every party at this time is to repeat and emphasize them. And the duty of the intelligent leaders of every party who hold these simple and American principles is to impress them upon their followers, and especially upon Congress.

The papers are full of speculation upon what may happen in certain contingencies. But the real patriotic character and will of the country in both parties are resolved that serious trouble shall not happen in any possible contingency arising from the disputed election. That resolution must make itself effectively felt. And it can do so by insisting that Congress shall by common understanding provide in season against any possible trouble at the time of counting and declaring the electoral vote. There are plainly two ways in which this can be done. One is to agree to act harmoniously under the present provision of the Constitution which requires the President of the Senate to open all the certificates from the States in presence of the Senate and the House, after which the votes are to be counted, and the person having the votes of a majority of the electors appointed is to be President. This view regards the counting as merely ministerial. At present this is the only provision. If no other be made, this will govern. The other way is to agree that if any question be raised by a member of either House, the objection shall be disposed of in a manner that shall be accepted by both sides as final.

There are undoubtedly objections to be urged against both courses, as against any plan whatever. But we are now apparently in a situation where it would be wise to adopt some plan. Under existing circumstances, it may be said that the first plan would probably elect MR. HAYES, and the second might favor MR. TILDEN, and that consequently the Republican Senate would prefer the first, and the Democratic House some other. But the question in its essence is neither Republican nor Democratic. In deciding it Congress would act in the spirit of a National Convention, seeking only the common welfare, and not a party advantage. If it be answered that Congress is an assembly of hot partisans, and can not be expected to act patriotically, we reply that the resolution of the country in this emergency is not partisan, but patriotic, and it must compel Congress to act in its own spirit. The plan which is most coincident with the simple provision of the Constitution is undoubtedly preferable. It is most in harmony with the State basis of the electoral system, which vests the choice of President in the majority of the State electors, and not in the majority of the popular vote. The Constitution, according to the best commentators, makes the function of opening the certificates and counting the votes purely ministerial. This has been naturally the Democratic view, and there can be no doubt that it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution. The States were to elect the President and send to Congress a certificate of their choice. If there were questions of the validity of the election, they were to be settled in the States, and Congress has by law authorized the Governors of the States to certify the choice of electors. The intention evidently is that the counting in Congress shall be merely ministerial, and such a view is most harmonious with the whole spirit of the electoral system. MR. WHYTE, Senator from Maryland, a Democrat of the straitest sect, held in the Senate that the two Houses of Congress were present at the counting only as spectators; and in reply to a question of MR. MORTON he said that if two returns appeared, each purporting to be the lawful return from a State, the Vice-President was clothed by the Constitution with power to decide between them.

But sensible men will be prepared for every contingency which may arise. There is no doubt that there might be a question raised as to the reception of a State vote. This, indeed, was considered a case so probable that Congress in 1865, by a joint rule, provided for throwing out the vote of a State. Such a case is hardly ever more likely to arise than when the choice of a President depends upon a single vote, and when the returns from any State which would be decisive are asserted to be suspicious. That must be considered to be the present case, and it is therefore one for which provision should be made, and made betimes. We are not of those who hold that Congress will not respond to the desire of the country that a judicious and peaceful solution of the present situation shall be provided. The really vital point now is, not that we shall have a Republican President nor a Democratic President, but that we shall have a President under recognized forms of law. No sane man wishes civil strife, and every educated man knows that republics have always been destroyed by the fury of party spirit. We have merely reached in this country a situation which has been foreseen, but for which we have failed to provide. Sensible men on both sides are conscious of the flaw in their party titles. Suppose the decision to rest on Louisiana or Florida. No honest and well-informed Republican would deny that acts of the Republican Returning Board in Louisiana have been suspicious; no honest Democrat would deny that there has been Democratic bulldozing in certain parishes. Again, if Democrats have terrorized the colored voter in the Southern States, there has been Republican trickery to outwit it. The cry of fraud and the misrepresentation are universal upon all sides. Under such circumstances, the simple, plain, patriotic duty of every good citizen and honorable journal is, not to shout "fraud," and "plot," and "usurpation," and "bulldozing," and "rascal," and "scoundrel," and "resistance," and "two Presidents," but to insist that Congress shall take care that all pretense for trouble be removed. If nothing be done, we have the Constitution for our guide; and every intelligent man knows that the way out of the snarl is to hold fast to the forms of law.

THE "NATION" AND THE CAMPAIGN.

UNDER the head of "The Campaign" the *Nation*, in a temperate and lively article, explains its position during the last four months. That its course has amazed and pained a great multitude of its Republican readers in every part of the country we have had constant and most ample testimony. Possibly the *Nation* might include the witnesses in what it calls, in another article, "the bulk of the Republican party," and therefore not to be regarded as other than unreasonable partisans. But we know that they are among the most patriotic, intelligent, and trustworthy of American citizens, who have been as early and devoted and constant friends as the *Nation* itself of the three causes to which it declares its loyalty—civil service reform, a prompt return to specie payment, and a conciliatory and impartial policy toward the Southern States. The campaign is over, and it is in no spirit of controversy that we now allude to the *Nation's* course. But there are one or two considerations to which it does not seem to us to attach any value, yet which are vital in any just and complete estimate of the real significance of the campaign, and which tend to explain the surprise among the readers of the *Nation*.

The *Nation* says that the letter of Mr. HAYES and the Cincinnati platform were unexpectedly satisfactory to it, but that they disappeared at the beginning of the campaign, while familiar and distrusted leaders, such as Messrs. CHANDLER, BOUTWELL, BLAINE, MORTON, with the assistance of "BOB" INGERSOLL, took command of the canvass. It states that instead of civil service reform, hard money, and conciliation, the issues presented were outrages, claims, TILDEN'S income tax and railway transactions, with danger to the public credit, and "nocturnal resumption." It disapproves the silence and inaction of Mr. HAYES, who left his political fortunes in the hands of unworthy party managers, so that against the probability of their controlling the Administration there was nothing to oppose but a vague trust in a candidate not very well known, and who declined to show any opposition to the malign influences that controlled the campaign. Therefore nothing remained for the *Nation* but incessantly to protest against these influences, to call attention to the causes and aims of the reform movement, and to "give Mr. HAYES as much support as it was possible to give to a man whose political surroundings were in the main bad."

This seems to us a fair statement of the *Nation's* explanation. But, in our judgment, it omits two very important facts. One is that the nomination of Mr. HAYES, taken in connection with the political history of the year, showed that the reform element in the Republican party, which we at least think to be the only hope of reform in the country, had obtained an ascendency which promised in great measure to control the Administration, and which was therefore to be supported heartily, that the promise might be more surely fulfilled. It is true that prominent leaders, men in high position, took an active part in the campaign, and that their official position gave them a prominence which in the nature of the case could not be avoided. But it is no less true that men like Mr. SCHURZ, Dr. WOOLSEY, and others of the May Conference, with scores of less distinguished but not less earnest and honorable men, were also on the stump all over the country, speaking to all the great and true issues, and only less conspicuous because of no official distinction. If the sole issue was what was called "reform," the practical decision was to be made between these men, with the element in the Republican party for which they spoke, on one side, and the Democratic party at large on the other. If it was assumed that in case of success the reform Republicans could do nothing against "the Group," and that the triumph of "the Group" was a greater evil than Democratic victory, that was a perfectly good reason for an open support of Mr. TILDEN, but not for what seemed to so many readers an indirect and covert support of him. In a word, if real reform was sought, it seemed to the Republicans, who had always supposed the *Nation* to be in general sympathy with them, altogether more probable under HAYES, with the reform element of his party, than under TILDEN, with his following; and if so, they naturally expected the *Nation* to agree with them that it was wiser to bring in HAYES and then fight the battle, with the advantage that his election would give the reform wing, than assume that the bad influence would be too powerful, and so bring in TILDEN, with all the probable consequences.

But there is another fact which the *Nation* does not mention. Why did the issue apparently change? Not, in our opinion, because Mr. WHEELER or Mr. BLAINE or any body else talked about outrages and rebels, but because on the very first careful consideration of the probabilities of the situation it was evident that Mr. TILDEN could be elected only by a virtually solid South in alliance with the most ignorant and un-American vote in a few Northern cities. Then the question was not only is civil service reform, or hard money, or justice and wisdom in the South, probable from the triumph of such a combination, but is it not immeasurably wiser even to take the risk of "the Group" than to confide the government to its sincere opponents? These are plain words, but they state the exact fact. Mr. TILDEN'S success was the transfer of the control of the government to "the South." We do not argue the point. We believe the *Nation* would not deny it. The situation in this country is anomalous. No parallel can be drawn between our situation and that of England after its civil war. The antagonism of the Whigs and Jacobites is the closest. But there is this essential difference. In our Southern States the slaves had been made equal citizens with their defeated masters, and in some States were the political majority, while, more than all, and involving the great future problem of our statesmanship, the master class had lost the sentiment of nationality, which had never been strongly developed in the Southern States. The question of the election swerved from "reform" to one very much more momentous under the circumstances. It was whether, with all our experience, ten years after the war—and such a war—the defeated side could wisely be summoned to control the government. Was it any answer to so tremendous a question to be reminded that "ZACH" CHANDLER was the chairman of the Republican Committee, and that "BOB" INGERSOLL was on the stump, as if nothing else could be said for the Republican side?

The campaign, as we said, is over. But it was because the *Nation* seemed to see in it nothing but "ZACH" CHANDLER and "JIM" BLAINE and "BOB" INGERSOLL that those who were accustomed to respect both its ability and its insight were so confounded. If there had been no history of slavery in the country, no civil war, no reconstruction; if national pride and devotion were universal despite all differences, as in England or France; if the campaign had been a mere parliamentary debate between the ins and the outs, between "administration" and his Majesty's opposition—there could have been no surprise at the course of any paper or voter. But when a candidate was nominated for the Presidency, in the present state of feeling in this country, who held the view of the government which was the plea of the rebellion, and who could be elected only by those who had forcibly sought the ruin of the Union, and when the opposing candidate was nominated by the best Republican influences, and was a frank, sincere, and proved representative of the policy which the *Nation* had always defended, that it should have so "supported" him as to delight his opponents and astound his adherents is the reason of that feeling in regard to its course which was so general among its oldest and sincerest friends.

MR. POTTER'S LETTER.

MR. CLARKSON N. POTTER has written a long letter to the *Herald* upon the question of the hour. Mr. POTTER is a Democratic politician lately elected to the next Congress, and his views of the probable or rightful action of the present House in regard to the counting of the Presidential vote are interesting. The point of the letter is in the assertion that the counting of the votes is by the Constitution vested in the two Houses of Congress, and that they must both concur in the count. But all that can satisfactorily be said upon this point is that the Constitution seems to imply the presence and acquiescence of both Houses. It will be remarked, however, that nothing is expressly said, and it is not a subject upon which hair-splitting construction is to be tolerated. Where is Mr. POTTER'S authority for the assertion that the counting of the vote is vested by the Constitution in the two Houses of Congress? The Constitution says only, "The President of the Senate shall in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." Thus the Constitution provides only for the presence of the two Houses, and nothing more. It does not even say that they shall appoint tellers to count the votes. But long practice upon sound reasons has established the selection of tellers for that purpose.

It will not be alleged that the Constitution, in the words we have quoted, provides for any thing more than a purely ministerial function. The Houses are to be present, the certificates are to be opened, and the votes counted. In order that the government may lawfully and unintermittedly continue in operation, the Constitution ordains that the two Houses of Congress shall be present when the certified action of the States in regard to the Presidency is ascertained. If either House withdraws under any pretense whatever, it must produce the authority of law for its action. Chancellor **Kent**, who is, perhaps, as great a constitutional authority as Mr. **Potter**, says: "I presume, in the absence of all legislative provision on the subject, that the President of the Senate counts the votes and declares the result, and that the two Houses are present only as spectators to witness the fairness and accuracy of the transaction, and to act only if no choice be made by the electors." This is the simple and unavoidable construction of the words of the Constitution, and if there be, in the words of Chancellor **Kent**, no "legislative provision," the assumption of Mr. **Potter** that both Houses must concur in the count is wholly unfounded. In the absence of law, they have no power to do any thing but witness the fairness and accuracy of the count.

It is true, as Mr. **Potter** asserts, that legislative provision has sometimes been made in regard to rejecting the vote of a State. While such provision lasted, it was law, and binding until reversed. But there is now no such provision, and we do not understand Mr. **Potter** to allege that there is. His suggestion is simply revolutionary. It is that, in the absence of law, the House can in the present emergency "take notice of the public fact that the vote returned by the **Kellogg** electors was not the lawful vote of the State of Louisiana, and so decline to receive and count it." Mr. **Potter**'s argument for this extraordinary position is, in effect, that the vote of Louisiana for Mr. **Tilden** is as much "a public fact" as the death of Mr. **Greeley** in 1872. Upon such an argument Mr. **Potter** suggests a possible course which would take the risk of reversing every tradition of the republic, would abandon the sanction of law in a perilous crisis, and invite the consequences. If, as we say elsewhere, Congress should agree upon some "legislative provision" to avoid possible difficulty, it would be a patriotic and welcome course. But if it does not, there is nothing but the plain provision of the Constitution upon which to rest, and it would not fail to sustain the peace of the country.

The vote of the State of Louisiana, as of New York and of all the other States, can be lawfully known in one way, and in one only, and that is the way which the law designates. If the forms of law are to be set aside for what Mr. **Potter** calls "public fact," that is to say, in this case, partisan asseveration, we should be in an anarchy beyond Mexico. Unless the two Houses shall make some legislative provision for the disposition of any question that may be raised to the counting of the vote as returned, the withdrawal or non-concurrence of either House would be plainly revolutionary. If the Democratic majority should decide to withdraw under any such preposterous pretense as that of Mr. **Potter**'s letter, and proceed to elect a President, it would be what **Madison** called "parricidal treason." It would have invoked the fierce and incalculable forces of revolution to correct what, if it were a public wrong, would nevertheless have been accomplished under the forms of law, which themselves offer a remedy that would be surely applied.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL MAJORITY.

During the present political discussion there is frequent reference to the popular majority which Mr. **Tilden** has apparently received. He is also called in some papers "the choice of the people." Do the Democratic papers that speak in this manner desire that the State basis of the electoral vote should be destroyed? The popular majority has constitutionally no more to do with the election of the President than with the succession of the Emperor of China, and the choice of the people in the lawful sense is the candidate who has received the lawful majority lawfully ascertained and declared. In a country where so large a proportion of the voters in the great cities are of foreign birth, and are necessarily unacquainted with the character of our elective system, this constant appeal to the popular majority in a Presidential contest is mere mischievous demagoguery. The foreign-born voter, who understands by a republic a government of the numerical majority upon all occasions, has no conception whatever of a representative republican system. Mr. **Madison**, one of the most sagacious and earnest of political students and observers, held that the problem of our system, as of all popular government, was the protection of minorities—in other words, the wise restraint of the majority. He thought this defense admirably secured by our peculiar "checks and balances."

To insist upon the popular majority received by a Presidential candidate is to strengthen the tendency to convert our republican system into a huge centralized democracy, in which liberty would surely perish. We venture to believe that no truly intelligent and honest Democrat has any wish to see our constitutional republic merged in the immediate rule of numbers either in the Senatorial or Presidential elections. He doubtless prefers American republicanism to French democracy. One of the "**Napoleon** ideas" was that it was the tendency of a democracy to express itself in a unit, or a single person. Hence his personal despotism, resting upon the *plebiscite*. That is a Latin and a Celtic tendency. But it is not one of the English race. Our political philosophers deduce the development of a sound popular system from the small community or neighborhood. In this country we began with the town. The Revolutionary Committee of Correspondence, which resulted in the Continental Congress, was a committee of towns. The State jealousy which paralyzed the old Confederation of the Revolution, and the false doctrine of State sovereignty which led to the rebellion, were exaggerations and distortions of that principle of local authority which is essential to truly free government.

The exaltation of the popular majority in a Presidential election tends to the contempt of this vital principle of our system. It makes the ignorant restive under what they believe to be the defeat of the popular will, and fosters a disposition to overthrow all the barriers that defend liberty from a majority. The reasons for our elective system of a State majority were conclusive a hundred years ago, and they have not lost their cogency by the lapse of time. Yet it is significant that the insistence upon the mere majority of the aggregate mass of voters proceeds latterly from the Democratic party, which has been supposed to be the peculiar depositary of the doctrine of State rights—a doctrine directly opposed to that of a national or popular majority. The present flurry in our politics, even if it should rise to a storm, will not affect the wisdom of the State basis of the government, and of a constitutional, not popular, majority for the President.

THE PRESIDENT.

The conduct of the President during the suspense that followed the election has been universally commended by good citizens. His reasonable and admirable order to General **Sherman** at once steadied public sentiment, and reminded us that the head of the executive department is a firm, quiet, and patriotic man, who knows his duty, and will not hesitate to perform it. We have often criticised the Administration, but, in common with all who have had opportunity of observation and knowledge, we have always gladly testified to the perfect integrity and patriotism of the President. Those who talk about "the military" and "the army" and "the bayonet" and "despotism" may safely be challenged to show a single act in the eight years of General **Grant**'s administration which indicates an improper ambition or an eagerness to resort to military methods. Even Democratic candor, could it escape the heats of party zeal, would probably agree that the President has never shown himself unmindful of the just restraints of the civil law.

The late disposition of troops at Washington was a simple measure of precaution, which it would have been unpardonable negligence in the President not to take. We believe that there are very few persons in the country who condemned the precaution, except those who would gladly see an opportunity of trouble left open. Professor **Sumner**, of Yale College, upon his return from Louisiana, wrote a letter in which he said that "the Federal arms are still enforcing the wrong." What is the meaning of his words? Do rational men, in the face of experience and of testimony, suppose that if the national arms were not present, the board would not be overthrown by the mob of New Orleans if they did not do what it wished? There is no question now of the misdeeds of carpet-baggers, scalawags, and unworthy agents of the government, which are unquestionably to be remedied. But does Professor **Sumner** mean that the law creating the Returning Board is a bad law, and therefore its action should not be regarded? He says that "the law which commands obedience because it is the will of the governed, is one thing. The law which the people who live under it never consented to and never made, is another thing." If this means any thing to the purpose, it is that the government and laws of Louisiana, not having been made by the consent of the people, are mere tyranny and unconstitutional, and all action under them, including the late election, is practically void.

On the other hand, nobody believes that the vote in the Feliciana parishes, as returned, expresses the will of the people of those parishes. And if not, what has interfered and prevented? Is it possible that an intelligent man can suppose that the situation in Louisiana is due solely to "Federal interference," or that there is any safe solution of the problem which men of all parties acknowledge to exist there, except under existing forms of law? Certainly no good citizen would wish an outbreak any where at this time. And all that the President has done is to provide for keeping order under the law. Those who denounce this as Federal interference merely encourage disorder.

PERSONAL.

A connoisseur, writing in the *Tribune*, says that **Goethe** loved the vintage of Johannisberg; **Humboldt**, Sauterne; **Talleyrand**, Château Margaux. **Richelieu** was devoted to Médoc, and **Rubens** to Marsala. **Frederick** the Great, like a good many other persons, had a particular affection for Tokay. **Napoleon** preferred Chambertin, but liked black coffee even better. **Peter** the Great thought Madeira the best of wines, but regarded brandy as superior to all other drinks. **Rabelais** thought that "the divine bottle" never looked more admirable than when filled with Chablis. Marshal **Saxe** had a decided predilection for Champagne; while the severity of **Cromwell**'s countenance is said to have occasionally relaxed at the sight of a pipe of Malmsey. The Emperor **Charles** V. would plan his campaigns and devise more stringent laws for the repression of heresy over a flagon of good Alicante wine. His rival, **Francis** I., consoled himself for the loss of every thing but honor with a cup of Xeres, or, as we should say, a glass of sherry.

—It does seem that whenever a man becomes in any sense a public character or does a notably benevolent act, yᵉ newspaper man doth forthwith proceed to invent pleasantries upon his name, such as these: "Dr. J. C. **Ayer** presented a beautiful hall, costing $60,000, to the town which bears his name. The wood-work is all finished in cherry-pectoral, and has an Ayery appearance."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.* "Any pill-ars or pill-asters about the hall?"—*Norristown Herald.* "No, you pestle-ent fellow. But there is a little mortar; and as for the floor, they are inclined to drug-it. Dr. **Ayer**'s own preference for the front of the gallery is something in the way of a patent bolustrade."—*Washington Nation.*

—The most popular lecturers on the list of the American Literary Bureau are **James T. Fields**, **Bayard Taylor**, General **Kilpatrick**, **Theodore Tilton**, the Rev. Dr. E. H. **Chapin**, the Rev. Dr. R. S. **Storrs**, Colonel **Higginson**, and, among lady speakers, Mrs. **Foss**, of Boston, and **Ann Eliza Young**. The Rev. Dr. **Storrs** has recently appeared as a lyceum lecturer, and is very popular. Throughout the West, and especially in the smaller villages, where the theatre man and the expensive *prima donna* do not penetrate, the demand for lecturers is constantly on the increase.

—The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says of Lord **Dufferin**: "The imperial government is represented in Canada by one of the ablest, most conciliatory, and persuasive of Governors. Lord **Dufferin**'s political sagacity, his fine tact, and his admirable powers of expression have ripened in a remarkable degree since he went to Canada; and if his efforts to smooth over the difficulties of the British Columbian dispute have not achieved success, it must be, we fear, that the conditions and materials with which he has had to deal do not permit of such an achievement."

—Cardinal **Antonelli**, though perfectly unostentatious in his way of life, died quite a capitalist. His estate is said to be valued at about $6,000,000, one-third of which is invested in England. When the cardinal's death was announced to the Pope, he burst into tears, and, sinking to his knees, began to pray for the soul of his departed minister. He wished to look upon him again in death, but was dissuaded. The cardinal possessed one of the finest assortments of precious stones to be found in Europe. He could boast of diamonds of all shapes, incomparable emeralds, pearls, and turquoises, and the richest laces. One of his most admirable traits was that, even when most overwhelmed with business and cares of state, he never omitted for one single day to visit his mother, for whom he entertained the most filial affection.

—Mr. **Albert Rhodes**, a frequent contributor to the publications of **Harper & Brothers**, is of the opinion that our diplomatic representatives abroad are not absolutely overworked. He says that while in charge of the legation at the Hague he found difficulty in getting sufficient material to make two dispatches—diplomatically known as notes—a month, and even these were hardly of a character to interest the American government. Indeed, there was nothing to be done at this post but social and official visiting and dining.

—**Victor Hugo**, though worth half a million of dollars, is said to be exceedingly stingy. Like many a lover of money, his motto seems to be, "Capital should be conserved."

—**Matthew Arnold**, one of England's notable scholars and authors, is a man of striking appearance, over six feet in height, broad-shouldered, large-boned, large-jointed. His head is fine, his eyes are large and gray in color, and his thick side whiskers and his hair are dark brown. His physique is more of the Anglo-Norman than of the pure Saxon.

—The manner in which members of the British cabinet are kept at their work is thus mentioned in a late number of the London *Court Journal*: "Lord **Beaconsfield** has had three days' holiday at Birmingham, and all the rest of the recess has been spent either in London or at Hughenden, with a secretary traveling backward and forward every day. Lord **Derby** has not been out of town for a single day. He is at the Foreign Office eight, ten, and twelve hours every day. You may see him striding through the Park every morning from St. James's Square to Downing Street, and from that time till eight or nine o'clock at night he is reading or writing telegrams, is closeted with embassadors hour after hour, or is penning dispatches to the Porte, to St. Petersburg, or Vienna. Yet the man who submits in this way to all this drudgery and imprisonment is a man with an income of £150,000 a year, with splendid estates, with all that can make life pleasant, and an intense love of country life. It is exactly the same all round. Look at Mr. W. H. **Smith**, for instance. His income is said to be £60,000 a year. He has one of the largest businesses in London to attend to, and he has a château on the Thames which is one of the gems of English country-houses. But in order to earn, not his £2000 a year as Secretary of the Treasury, but to do the political duty he has undertaken, he lives in London all the year through, and hardly sees that pleasant villa of his three times in the season, and only then on a Sunday when he can spare a day from Whitehall."

—It is stated that Father **Beckx**, General of the Jesuits, is negotiating for the purchase of Palestine from Turkey, with a view to make Jerusalem the future seat of government of the Church of Rome. Jaffa is to be made a first-class harbor, and a railroad is to be built from Jerusalem to Bethlehem.

—Mr. **Martin Farquhar Tupper**, who is now successfully doing the provincial towns with his readings, says, sportively, in the Philadelphia *Press*, that this Exhibition of ours, compared to other exhibitions, is as a Victoria Regia to a common water-lily, and he declares that "for mentals there is not a better educated people on the face of the earth. Schools and teachers, churches and chapels, books and newspapers, are only almost too abundant; except among the newest emigrants from Europe, it is difficult to find an ignorant person, and there seems to be no home where the children are not habitually sent to school. For morals, which include socials, there is so vast a stride toward absolute temperance that America may now be called a water-drinking people. Several cases of curious honesty have occurred to myself, while the general good nature and courtesy and even self-forgetfulness of the bulk of those one meets are traits abundantly noticeable. In this recent strongly contested election the patience, kindliness, and law-abiding quietude of immense crowds have been strangely evidenced to a traveler's eye. When the full count has been certified and the final result is known, no revenge will be taken on either side for doubly poignant disappointment, but all will cheerfully acquiesce as to the will of Providence." All of which it is exceedingly kind of the bard to say, and kinder still to print—in advance.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The South Carolina Board of State Canvassers, on the 22d ult., issued certificates of election to the Republican electors, State officers, and to all members of the Legislature except to those claiming to be elected from Edgefield and Laurens counties, and then adjourned *sine die.* The majority on the Presidential ticket was 964. The vote for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor will be canvassed by the Legislature, which is Republican.

William M. Tweed reached New York on the 23d ult., in the United States steam-ship *Franklin.* He was immediately surrendered to the sheriff, who conveyed him to Ludlow Street Jail. He has been a fugitive since December 4, 1875.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The London Foreign Office publishes a dispatch in which Lord Loftus, the British embassador to Russia, reports in detail what passed at an audience he had with the Czar on November 2. He reports that the Czar said he had sent the ultimatum to the Porte because he feared the discomfiture of the Servian army might be followed by atrocities. The Porte had by a series of manœuvres frustrated all attempts at pacification. The present state of things was intolerable. Unless Europe was prepared to act firmly and energetically, he would be obliged to act alone. He regretted to see that inveterate suspicion and continual fear of Russian aggression still existed in England. The Czar reminded Lord Loftus that he had on several occasions given most solemn assurances that he desired no conquest. He had not the smallest wish or intention to acquire Constantinople. Such an acquisition would be a misfortune for Russia.

The following are the exact words of that portion of the dispatch referring to Constantinople:

"The Czar pledged his sacred word of honor in the most earnest and solemn manner that he had no intention of acquiring Constantinople, and that if necessity should force him to occupy a portion of Bulgaria, it would only be provisionally until the peace and safety of the Christian population were secured. The Czar could not understand, when both countries had a common object, namely, the amelioration of the condition of the Christians, and when he had given every proof that he had no desire for conquest, why there should not be perfect understanding between England and Russia based on a policy of peace, which would be equally beneficial to their mutual interests and to the interests of Europe generally.

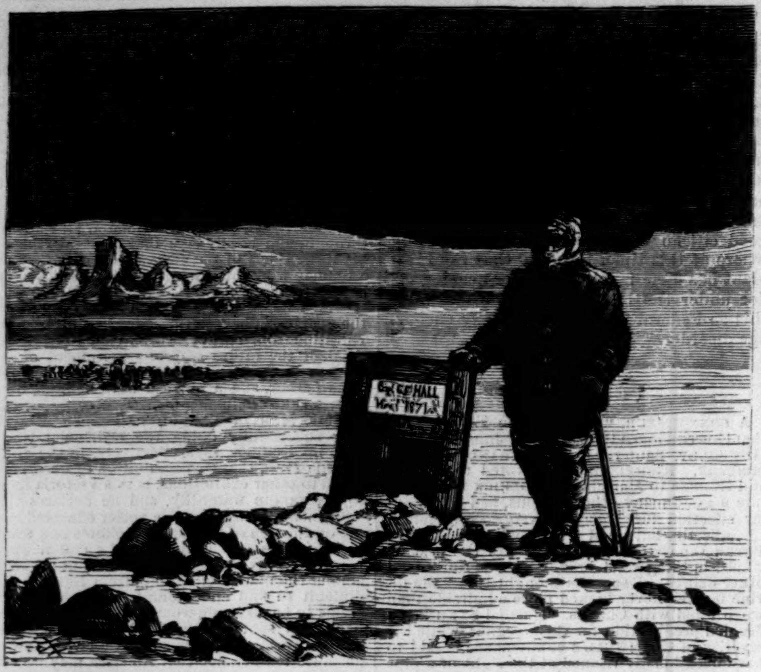
"The Czar said nothing could be more absurd than the intentions attributed to Russia of the future conquest of India, which was a perfect impossibility. He deeply deplored the distrust manifested in England, earnestly requested me to do the utmost to dispel it, and charged me to convey to her Majesty's government the solemn assurances he had given me."

A later telegram from Lord Loftus to the Board of Trade of London states that Russia has given official notice that the harbors of Odessa and Sebastopol, the mouths of the river Dnieper, and the Straits of Kertch are obstructed, and vessels are forbidden to approach in the night-time, and must communicate with the guard-ship before entering in daylight. Entrance without the assistance of the guard-ship is absolutely prohibited.

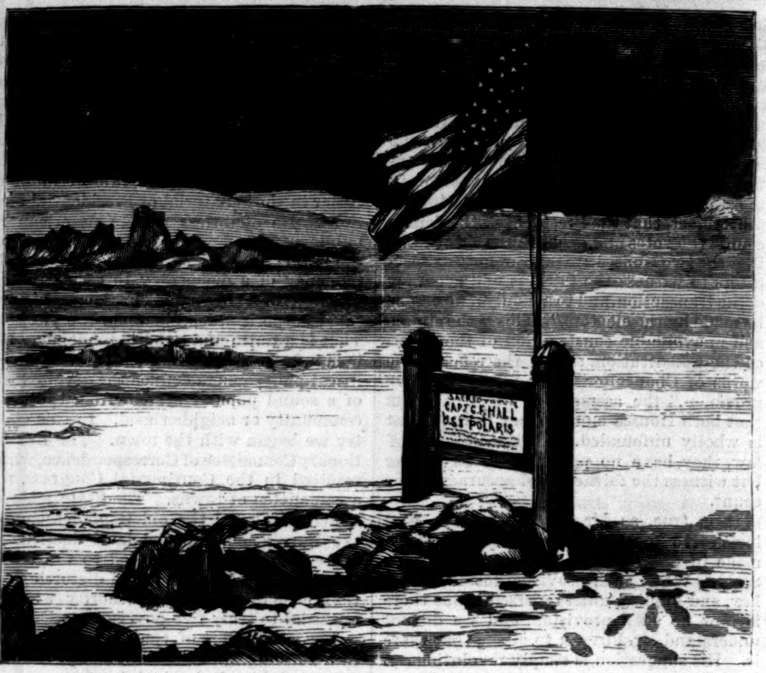
In order to anticipate the attacks of the Left in connection with their interpellation asking why the military escort to which funerals of all members of the Legion of Honor are legally entitled has been refused in cases where the deceased have been buried without religious ceremonies, the ministry offered a bill on the 23d in the Chamber of Deputies, providing that military honors shall only be rendered to military members dying in active service. It is thought a crisis is thus averted. The bill was referred for consideration.

The German Reichstag has rejected the propositions of the committee on the Law Courts Bill prescribing that persons accused of light treason shall be invariably tried by jury, and allowing the use of the Polish language in the courts of Posen.

Mexico is again in revolution. Ex-Chief Justice Iglesias has proclaimed himself Provisional President of the republic, and established his seat of government at Leon, in the State of Guanajuato, the Legislature and Governor of which sustain him. A portion of the procession escorting Iglesias to Leon attacked the American missionaries with the cry of "Death to Protestants!" The missionaries barricaded themselves in a house until the police rescued them. Two ex-judges of the Supreme Court and several deputies have joined Iglesias. He has established a regular cabinet, and appointed ministers of war, foreign relations, etc. Troops are marching upon Guanajuato, and the flight of Iglesias and his government may be expected in a very short time. No other State has seconded Iglesias's movement in Guanajuato.



THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN HALL, WITH THE ORIGINAL HEAD-BOARD.



THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN HALL, WITH THE NEW HEAD-BOARD.

THE BRITISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 991.]

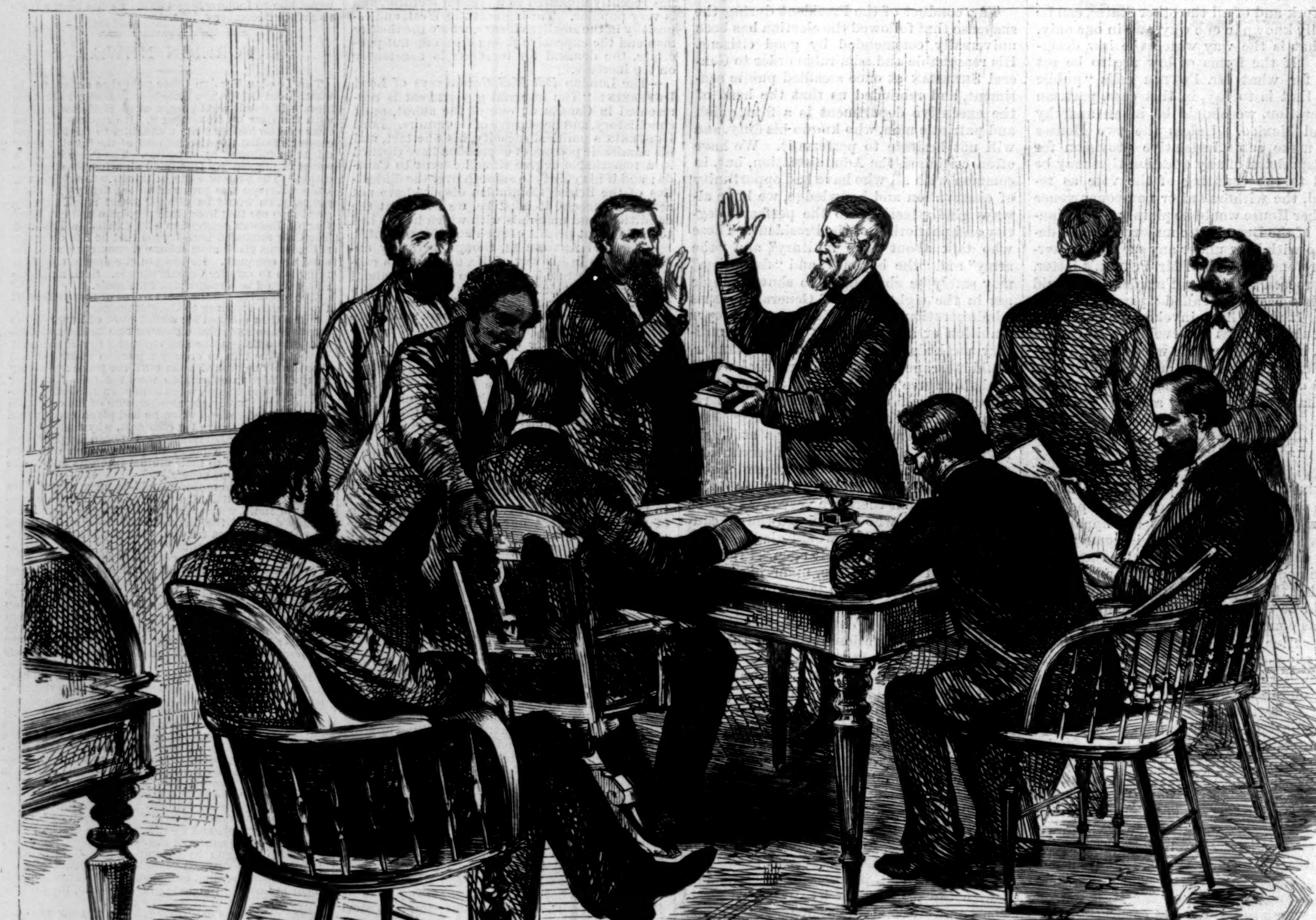
THE LOUISIANA RETURNING BOARD.

ON Thursday, the 16th November, all the absent members of the Returning Board having arrived in New Orleans, the members performed the initial act of their administration by taking their oaths of office. This ceremony took place before Judge ALFRED SHAW, of the Superior Criminal Court. Judge SHAW has been connected with the Louisiana bar for a long time as an active practitioner in some branches of the law, particularly in State and city cases, but his experience has been varied by occupancy of several important offices, having been successively clerk of the United States District Court, sheriff of the parish of Orleans, and Administrator of Public Accounts of the city. He is not classed as an active politician, his pursuits having been more of a literary and legal nature. The members qualified were four in number, there having been one vacancy to fill after organization. First and foremost is the president, ex-Governor JAMES MADISON WELLS. Mr. WELLS is a native of the State, and has led a very active political life. He was an Old-line Whig as long as such a designation had a meaning. Previous to and during the war he was of as strong a type of Union men as existed or could exist in the Red River district in Louisiana. The class of men to whom he belonged opposed the ultra-Confederate school as violently as was consistent with safety; and when the opportunity invited, Mr. WELLS left the Confederate lines to assist in the reorganization of the State under General BANKS. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and when Governor HAHN was elected to represent the State in the United States Senate, became Governor. When ANDREW JOHNSON became President, Governor WELLS adopted the policy of the new administration, which seemed to please the Conservatives, or Democrats, so well that he was re-elected Governor by a large majority. When, however, President JOHNSON's policy was fully developed, Governor WELLS relapsed into his former sympathy with Republicanism. He was a member of the Returning Board of 1872 and 1874; is a man of firmness and courage, hated and threatened by the Ku-Klux Democracy on that account.

THOMAS C. ANDERSON is another man of mark in Louisiana. He has sat in the Legislature in both branches, and held other and high State positions for twenty-two years. He was formerly a Democrat, and was evidently so considered when elected in 1872. He is a man of large means and enterprise in his section of the State (St. Landry), and has often been elected by the people when on the minority ticket. He is a Virginian by birth, and, like other Southern men who have adopted Republicanism, has been the object of much vituperation and abuse, which have, indeed, only proved his marked and salient character. In the recent contest for the Republican nomination for Governor he was the next in strength to PACKARD.

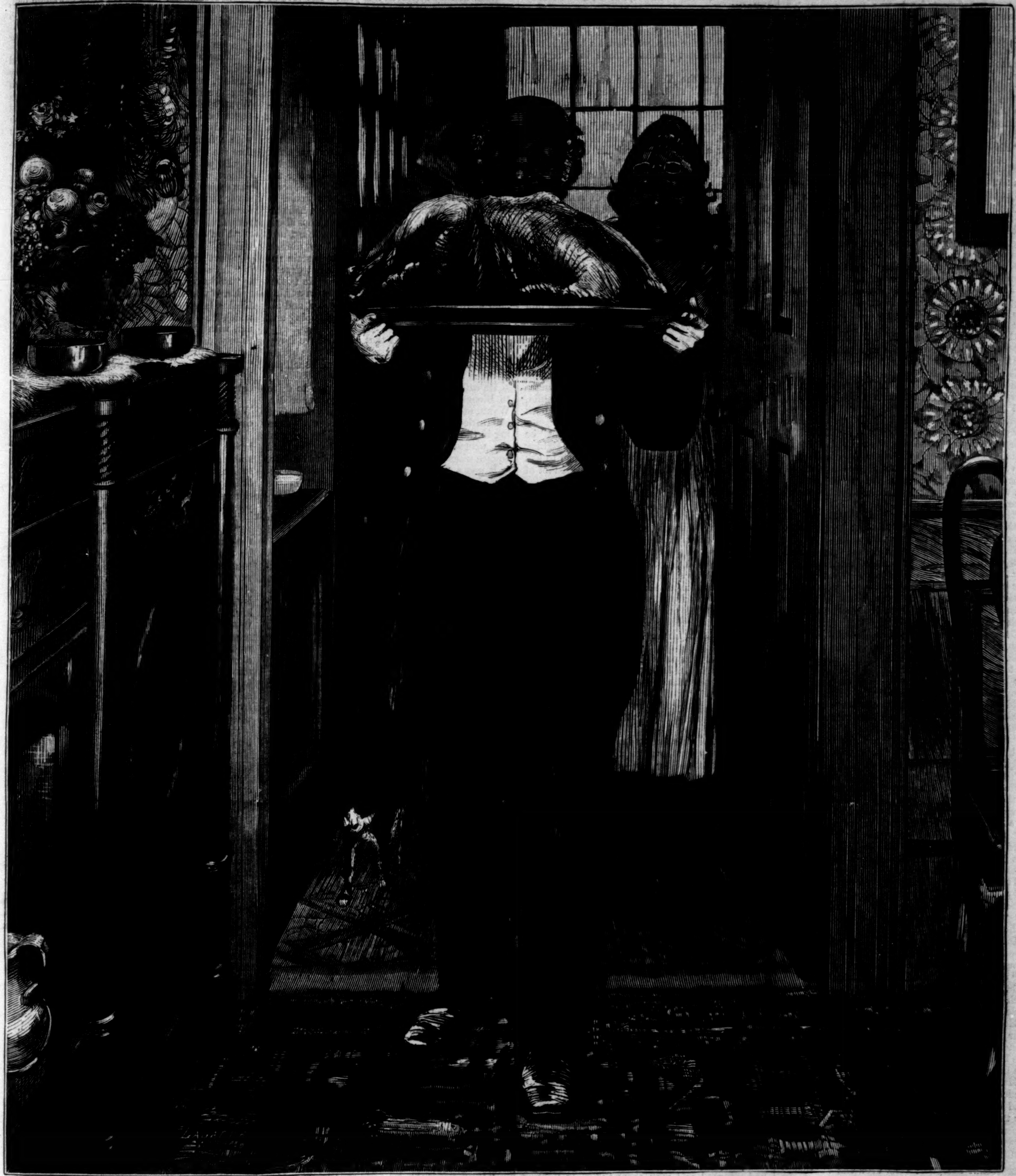
GARDANE CASANAVE is an undertaker of the city of New Orleans, a light colored man, free before the war, and possessing a well-cultured mind. He is considered well off in means, and represents well the ancient free colored population.

LOUIS M. KENNER is also a colored man of light type; has been a member of the Legislature, and is a man of intelligence and very good clerical capacity, matters requiring which have been mainly referred to his management in previous administrations of the Returning Board.



General T. C. Anderson. Gardane Casanave. Judge Alfred Shaw. Governor J. M. Wells. L. M. Kenner.

THE LOUISIANA RETURNING BOARD—TAKING THE OATH.



THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.—[DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.]

HEALTH TO THE GOBBLER.

A HEALTH! a health! Thanksgiving-day;
Lo! all shall join the chorus:
On silver throne, in brown array,
Behold! he comes before us.
Fill every beaker up with wine,
And don't forget the cobbler:
We'll drink the first-fruits of the vine
To our own Turkey Gobbler.

Who bore the summer's heat and fray
That he might do his duty,
And grew like Jonah's gourd each day?
Our fat old feathered beauty.
Who but the hero of the feast,
Who drank nor wine nor cobbler?
To him we'll drain a bowl at least,
Our grand old Turkey Gobbler.

Fill up! fill up! a fragrance sweet
Is floating o'er the table;
He lived and died that we might eat
As much as we are able.
No selfish clown shall dare to frown;
Lo! be ye king or cobbler,
Fill up the cup and drink it down
To our own Turkey Gobbler.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

KILL OR CURE.

MR. SINCLAIR was told by Lord Clanyarde of the plan which had been devised by the German physician for his daughter's cure, and, after a lengthy discussion, gave his sullen consent to the imposture.

"I don't like your German doctor—a thorough-paced charlatan, I'll warrant," he said; "and I don't like palming off an impostor upon my poor wife. But if you see any chance of good from this experiment, let it be tried. God knows I would give my heart's blood to-morrow to bring Constance back to health and reason."

This was said with an unmistakable earnestness, and Lord Clanyarde believed it. He did not know what bitter reason Gilbert Sinclair had for desiring his wife's recovery in the guilty consciousness that his brutality was the chief cause of her illness.

"You are not going to bring some low-born brat into my house, I hope?" said Gilbert, with the pride of a man whose grandfather had worked in the mines, and whose father had died worth a million.

"No; we shall find a gentleman's child—some orphan of about Christabel's age—to adopt."

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders and said no more.

That visit of the German physician had certainly wrought a change in Constance Sinclair's condition, and Dr. Webb declared that the change was for the better. She seemed to have awakened from that dull apathy, that utter inertness of mind and body, which both the London physician and the faithful country watch-dog had taken to be the precursor of death. She was restless—fluttered by some expectation which kept her senses curiously on the alert—wistful, watchful, listening—starting at every opening of a door, at every coming footfall.

On the morning after Dr. Hollendorf's visit she asked for her Bible, and began to read David's psalms of thanksgiving and rejoicing aloud, like one who gave thanks for a great joy. Later in the same day she went to the piano and sang—sang as she had never done since the beginning of her illness—sang like one who pours forth the gladness of her heart in melody.

When Dr. Webb came that afternoon, he found his patient sitting in an arm-chair by the window, propped up with pillows, much to the disgust of Melanie Duport, who was on duty at this time.

"I know she isn't strong enough to sit up," said Melanie to the doctor, "but she would do it. She seems to be watching for something or some one."

The long window, opening upon the balcony, commanded a distant curve of the drive leading up to the house, and it was on this point that Constance Sinclair's eyes were fixed.

"What are you waiting for, dear lady?" asked Dr. Webb, in his bland voice, that caressing tone in which medical men address feminine and infantine patients. In Dr. Webb's case, the blandness meant more than it usually does, for he really loved his patient.

"I am watching for my child. They will bring her to-day, perhaps. The strange doctor told me she was not drowned. It was true, wasn't it? He wouldn't deceive me. There was something in his voice that made me trust him—something that went to my heart. My darling was saved, and she is coming back to me. You won't deceive me, I know. She is coming—soon—soon—soon. Dear, dearest Dr. Webb, is it true?"

"Dear Mrs. Sinclair, you must not agitate yourself in this way," cried the doctor, flattered by this address. "Yes, yes, Lord Clanyarde is going to bring you the little girl, and you'll be very fond of her, I hope, and feel quite happy again."

"Happy!" cried Constance; "I shall be in heaven. Ask papa to bring her soon."

She was restless throughout that day—sleepless all night. Sometimes her mind wandered, but at other times she spoke clearly and reasonably of God's goodness to her in saving her child. On the following day the same idea was still paramount, but she was somewhat weakened by her excitement and restlessness, and was no longer able to sit up at her post of observation by the window. As the day wore on the old dull apathy seemed to be creeping over her again. She lay on her couch by the fire, silent, exhausted, noticing nothing that occurred around her; her pulse was alarmingly weak, her eyes vacant and heavy.

"If they don't bring the child soon, it will be too late for their experiment," thought Dr. Webb; "and if they do bring it, the excitement may be fatal. God guide us aright!"

It was dusk when Lord Clanyarde's brougham drove up to the porch, and his lordship alighted, carrying a child muffled up in soft woolen shawls, and fast asleep. Gilbert Sinclair had not yet returned from his daily ride. The house was dark and empty.

Lord Clanyarde went straight to his daughter's room, where Dr. Webb was sitting, too anxious to leave his patient till the crisis which the intended experiment might produce had passed safely. Dr. Webb was not particularly hopeful about the strange doctor's plan.

"Such good news, my darling," said Lord Clanyarde, with elaborate cheerfulness; "pray don't agitate yourself, my dear Constance."

She had started up from her sofa already, and tottered toward him with outstretched arms.

"I have brought you your baby. The little pet was not drowned, after all, and some good people in Germany took care of her. You will find her changed, of course—three or four months makes such a difference in a baby."

Constance neither heeded nor heard. She was sitting on the floor with the newly awakened child in her lap, hugging it to her breast, weeping sweetest tears over the soft, curly head, breathing forth her rapture in low, inarticulate exclamations. The fire-light shone on the picture of mother and child clinging together thus—the little one submitting uncomplainingly to those vehement caresses.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Lord Clanyarde within himself. "She doesn't ask a question, poor child. She hasn't the faintest suspicion that we're deceiving her."

He had chosen this hour for the introduction of the infant impostor so that Constance's first scrutiny of the baby features should take place in a doubtful light. If first impressions were but favorable, doubts would hardly arise afterward in that enfeebled mind. Only when reason was fully restored would Constance begin to ask awkward questions.

This evening she did not even scrutinize the baby face; she only covered it with tears and kisses, and laid it against her bosom, and was happy. She accepted this baby stranger at once as her lost Christabel.

Dr. Webb was delighted. Those tears, those caresses, those gushes of happy love—what medicines could work such cure for a mind astray?

"Upon my word I believe you have done the right thing, and that your German doctor is not such a quack as I thought him," whispered the little man to Lord Clanyarde.

He had still better reason to say this three or four hours later, when Constance was sleeping tranquilly—a sound and healthy slumber such as she had not known for many weary weeks—with the baby nestling at her side.

Mr. Sinclair heard of the success that had attended the experiment, and seemed glad, or as glad as a man could be who had pressing cause for trouble.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"EXCELLENT BASILISK! TURN UPON THE VULTURE."

IF Fortune in a general way is a capricious and uncertain divinity, assuredly that particular goddess who presides over the affairs of racing men is most given to tricks and starts, to sudden frowns and unexpected smiles.

Gilbert Sinclair's new stables had, up to the beginning of this present year, brought him nothing but ill luck. So unvarying had been his reverses that his trainer and grooms gave full scope to their superstition, and opined that the stables were unlucky, and that no good would ever come out of them. "There had been a murder committed, maybe, somewheres about," suggested one man, "or the ground had been wrongfully come by; who could tell?"

With the Craven meeting, however, the tide turned, and the Sinclair stables scored three palpable hits. But this was not all. Mr. Sinclair had bought a colt at York two years before, with all his faults and all his engagements—the engagements being particularly heavy, and the faults including one which the veterinary authorities believed might be fatal to the animal's career as a racer. The colt was of renowned lineage on both sides, and had a genealogy that went back to his great-grandsire and bristled with famous names—a colt in whose future some magnate of the turf would doubtless have speculated two or three thousand, but for that unlucky splinter.

Gilbert Sinclair bought the colt for two hundred and fifty, under the advice of his trainer, a shrewd Yorkshire man, who loved a bargain better than the best purchase made in a regular way.

"He's got the Touchstone and the Spectre blood in him," said Mr. Jackson, the trainer. "He's bound to come out a flyer if we can cure that off fore-leg."

"But suppose we don't, Jackson," said Gilbert, doubtfully. "Two hundred and fifty's a lot of money for a lame horse, and his engagements will come to a good bit more."

"You may as well lose your money on him as on any thing else, mayn't you?" argued Mr. Jackson, who had no exalted opinion of his employer's judgment, and did not trouble himself to pretend a greater respect than he felt. The best of men is but small in the eyes of his trainer. "You let me have that there colt to nuss, and say no more about it. It'll be a fad for me. I ought to have my fancy sometimes. You have yours, and a fat lot comes of it."

Thus urged, Gilbert bought the colt, and John Jackson took him under his wing, and made him his pet and darling, shutting him up in impenetrable loose boxes, and exercising him secretly in the morning gray in sequestered paddocks far from the eyes of touts. Mr. Jackson had children—children who climbed his knees and called him father in childhood's lisping syllables, but there was a pride in John Jackson's eye and a tenderness in his voice when he spoke of Goblin, the bay colt, which his children had never been able to evoke.

"I want to win the Derby before I die," he said, with a touch of sentiment, like Moses sighing for the land of Canaan. "It isn't much to ask for, after having done my duty by a blessed lot of screws."

Nobody—not even Mr. Sinclair himself—could ever penetrate the veil of mystery with which Jackson surrounded his favorite. Whether Goblin was doing well or ill was a secret which Jackson kept locked within his own breast. When Jackson looked gloomy, the underlings of the stable concluded that Goblin was "off his feed," or that Goblin was "up to nought."

When it came to the contest of a trial, Mr. Jackson shrank from the contest, and when compelled to run his protégé against the best horse in the stable, secretly weighted Goblin in such a manner as to insure his being ignominiously beaten.

Goblin kept none of his two-year-old engagements, though Mr. Jackson went so far as to admit by this time that the colt was no more lame than he was. "But I ain't going to let him fritter away his strength in two-year-old races," said Mr. Jackson, decisively; "I ain't forgotten Bonnie Dundee."

Gilbert Sinclair submitted unwillingly, being at this time very low down in his luck as a racing man, and anxious for any success which might in some wise redeem his position.

Now came spring—violets and primroses; woodlands white with chestnut bloom and hawthorn; nightingales warbling their vesper love songs, and—much more important to gentlemen of Mr. Sinclair's class—the Two Thousand Guineas. And now Goblin came forward to perform his first important engagement as a three-year-old, and Gilbert Sinclair was richly rewarded for his patience.

Goblin—a horse entirely unknown to the racing public—came in an easy winner, and Gilbert, who had taken his trainer's advice, and had backed his horse to the utmost of his capacity, won a small fortune, as well as feeling pretty sure about his expectations for the Derby.

It was the first great success Gilbert Sinclair had ever had upon the turf, and he left Newmarket that night almost light-headed with excitement. Things had been going much better with him since January. The men had gone back to their work in the grimy north. Indian steamers were using Mr. Sinclair's coal as fast as he could produce it. The golden tide was flowing in his exchequer again, and his banker's book no longer presented a dismal blank upon its left-hand pages. The success at Newmarket was the crowning mercy. He felt himself a rich man once more, and laughed to scorn the notion of surrendering Davenant at midsummer. Wyatt had bought and paid for the estate, but of course would be glad to sell it again at a profit.

The scheme for Constance Sinclair's restoration had prospered wonderfully. Health and strength had returned, and with these the clear light of reason. She had never doubted the identity of the little girl Lord Clanyarde brought her that winter evening with the child she had lost.

She had readily accepted the story—a somewhat lame one—of the child's rescue by some kind German peasants who had brought it over to England, where, by a curious chain of circumstances, Lord Clanyarde had come to know of its existence. The little girl was known to the whole household as Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair's own child. There would be time enough by-and-by to reveal the imposture. Even Martha Briggs—little Christabel's devoted nurse—had never suspected the trick that had been played upon her mistress. The only member of the household that had shown any particular curiosity or desire to know the ins and outs of this business was Melanie Duport. That young woman had asked as many questions as she could venture to put, and had appeared somewhat mystified by the course of events.

So there had been peace at Davenant during the early spring. Constance had been quietly happy in the little girl's society, and in those joys which the convalescent feels when a world that has been darkened to the wandering mind re-appears in all its light and beauty. Never had the woods and fields, the blue April sky and shining river, seemed so lovely in the eyes of Constance Sinclair as they appeared this year. Her love of music, of art, of all bright things, seemed intensified by that awful season of darkness, in which these delights had been blotted from her mind.

Her husband was tolerably kind to her, but spent much of his time away from Davenant, and did not trouble her repose by filling the house with his rackety companions.

Mr. Wyatt came now and then for a day or two, but he was the only guest during this tranquil spring-time.

Thus stood matters early in May, when Goblin won the Two Thousand Guineas, and, in the trainer's phraseology, brought his owner a pot of money.

Gilbert went up to London an hour after the race with his pot of money, or, at any rate, some portion of it, in his pocket. The rest would be paid up at Tattersall's in due course. He had eaten nothing that day, having been too anxious about the result of the race to eat any breakfast, and too much elated by his triumph to eat any dinner. He had therefore been compelled to sustain nature upon brandy and soda, which is not exactly a sedative for a man of hot temper. He talked about Goblin and his own cleverness in getting hold of Goblin all the way up to London, and arrived at Shoreditch with his pulse galloping and his blood at fever heat.

"I'm not going to let that beggar have Davenant now," he said to himself. "This race brings me in something like twenty thou', and I shall pot as much more over the Derby."

He called a hansom, and told the man to drive to Bloomsbury Square, intending to honor Mr. Wyatt, otherwise "that beggar," with a call. The cab rattled through the grimy city streets, all shining in the setting sun, which was fading redly on the westward-facing windows of the grave old square when Gilbert alighted at Mr. Wyatt's door.

It was a fine old house which the solicitor occupied, one of the oldest and largest in the square, and there had been no attempt to disfigure a house in which Steele and his companions may have hobnobed over the midnight bottle with such modern improvements as stucco without and gas within.

A respectable-looking man-servant, out of livery, admitted Mr. Sinclair into a square hall, oak-paneled and paved with black and white marble. The doors were oak, deeply set in the solid old walls, the architraves handsome enough for a modern palace. An old-fashioned oil lamp had just been lighted, and shed a sickly yellow light on some of the panels, while others reflected the crimson glow in the west, as if they had been splashed with blood.

"Your master at home?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes, Sir. He has just dined. Shall I show you into the dining-room?"

"Yes; and you can bring me something to eat, Staples," replied Gilbert, who was quite at home in his solicitor's house.

He went into the dining-room without giving the man time to announce him. James Wyatt sat in a lounging attitude facing the western sun, with a claret jug and an untouched dessert before him on the small oval table. That snug oval table of pollard oak had superseded the ponderous old mahogany twenty-two feet by six, at which Mr. Wyatt's father and grandfather had been wont to entertain their friends. James Wyatt wanted no twenty-two-foot table, for he never gave large parties. Cozy quartettes, or even confidential *tête-à-tête* banquets, were more to his liking, and he gave as elaborate and careful a dinner to a man who dined with him alone as other men provide for a gathering that includes all the magnates of their circle. Were pollard oak gifted with speech, that snug oval board could have told many a thrilling tale of thirty per cent. which had been made, in the initiative stage, to seem only seven; of clients in the city who had money to lend, and were so good-natured about lending it, on a safe mortgage or otherwise; and of that awful hour in which the same good, easy-going clients assumed quite another character, and were determined to foreclose, or to get their money back by any means. But happily for the maintenance of the decencies, Mr. Wyatt's table was not loquacious, and the grave old room, with a few fine pictures on the oak paneling, and some valu bronzes on the tall chimney-piece, looked respectable enough to inspire confidence in the most suspicious mind. If the pictures had been daubs, or the furniture gaudy, the effect would have been different. But the pictures looked like heir-looms and the furniture told of a chastened taste and a refinement that implied virtue and honor in the possessor thereof.

"Back already!" exclaimed Mr. Wyatt. "How did Goblin go? Got a place?"

"Won in a canter," answered Gilbert, flinging himself into a chair, and wiping his damp forehead. "Never saw such a horse. There's nothing to beat him. I was right about him, you see."

"Jackson was right about him, you mean. Have some dinner?" said Mr. Wyatt, ringing the bell.

"Thanks, I've ordered some. I don't stand upon punctilio with you, you see."

"I should be very sorry if you did. Well, you've made a heap of money, I suppose."

"Yes, it's a pretty good haul. Jackson raved like a lunatic about the horse. I was to put on every sixpence I had. I told the fellow I should be ruined if Goblin lost. 'He won't lose,' raved Jackson, dancing about like a maniac. 'You don't know what that hoss can do. I tried him last March against Lord Wildair's Cowcumber, and put a hextra seven pound on him, and Cowcumber was nowhere. I felt sorry I hadn't made it fourteen pound when I saw that blessed Cowcumber regular pumped.' I was bound to believe in the horse after that, wasn't I?"

"Yes, if you could believe in the trainer."

"Well, the result has shown that he told me the truth. Oh, here comes the dinner."

Gilbert made a weak attempt to eat some fish, and a still weaker attempt at a plate of lamb, but failed in both efforts.

"I've no appetite," he said. "You'd better give me a brandy and soda."

"How many brandies and sodas have you had to-day?" asked Wyatt, with an air of friendly anxiety, that tone of an easy-going mentor which long use had made natural to him. If James Wyatt's clients went to the dogs, their ruin could never be laid at his door. He gave them such good advice upon the way, and parted with them with a friendly shake hands at the last, just before the dogs eat them.

"Do you suppose I counted them?" demanded Gilbert, with a laugh. "The sun was hot, and I was excited about Goblin. I had a pocket full of silver and it's all gone, and I don't think I've paid for any thing except brandy and soda. That's a rough way of calculating."

"You've been drinking too much brandy, Gilbert."

"That's my look-out."

"Try some of that claret."

"I'll have brandy or nothing."

Mr. Wyatt sighed and rang the bell, and then filled a large, cool-looking glass with the *Lafitte*, which he sipped in a calmly appreciative manner, with the air of a man who had never been thirsty in his life.

"Yes, Jim," began Gilbert, harking back, "I've made a tidy haul to-day, and I expect a bigger haul on Wednesday fortnight. And now, old fellow, I want you to do me a favor."

"Find a good investment for your winnings? With pleasure. I can get you a safe seven per cent."

"Thanks, that's not the favor I mean. Ah, here's the stuff," as the man brought in a spirit stand and a supply of soda-water. "I want you to let me have Davenant back, Jim," pouring brandy into a small tumbler, without looking at the quantity. "You can't want the place for yourself, you know."

"Why not?"

"Well, my dear boy," replied Mr. Sinclair, with the amiable candor which is sometimes induced by alcohol, "you're not the sort of man to play the country gentleman. You wouldn't find it pay. You may stop, you may shut up the shop if you will, but the odor of sixty per cent. will hang round you still. You understand, old fellow. The county people wouldn't associate with you—they come to me, you know, for my wife's sake; that's a different thing. They wouldn't cotton to you. They're very fond of borrowing money, but they don't like money-lenders. You'd find county society a dead letter, dear boy, and it would be folly to keep up such a place as Davenant for the reception of a pack of young fools from London. You can pluck such pigeons any where."

"How kind of you to be so interested in my business!"

"Nothing like candor between friends," said Gilbert.

"And you want me to sell Davenant? That's curious. You were red-hot to sell a few months ago."

"I was down in my luck just then. Things have changed for the better. And I find that I care more for the place than I thought I did. And I shouldn't particularly like my neighbors to crow over me. It would look as if I were ruined if I parted with such a place as that."

"What a complete change of tone! I suppose your wife's recovery has caused this alteration in your feelings."

Gilbert winced. It always stung him when James Wyatt spoke of his wife. The man's tone implied some occult knowledge. Speak as courteously as he might, there was always a lurking sneer in his speech.

"Come, Jim, I'll give you a handsome profit on your bargain. What more can you want? Name your own terms. I know you only bought the place as a speculation."

"Suppose I did, and that the speculation has answered. How then?"

"You mean that you have sold it again?"

"Within four-and-twenty hours of my purchase."

"By Jove, that's sharp work!" cried Gilbert, bitterly disappointed. "But perhaps the man who bought it would take a profit on his purchase."

"Not much chance of that. The man who bought it would have given me almost any money for the place, if I had been inclined to take advantage of his eagerness to get it back again."

"Back again!" cried Gilbert, starting up with a vehemence that sent the soda-water bottles spinning across the table—"to get it back again! Then you've sold it to Sir Cyprian Davenant?"

"That's the man," answered Wyatt, opening his cigar-case, and affecting an extreme deliberation in the choice of a cigar.

"Jim Wyatt, you're a scoundrel!" roared Sinclair.

"That's strong, and actionable into the bargain. Don't be a fool, Sinclair. You want to turn your estate into money. I give you the money you want, and take my property to the best market. Where is the wrong?"

"Where is the wrong? You duped, you hoodwinked me. You know how I hate that man. You know that I would rather cut my throat than give him any advantage. You know, or you ought to know, that my chief motive in buying Davenant was to humiliate him, to give my wife the place he might have given her, to show her which was the better man of the two, to set my heel upon Sir Cyprian Davenant. And you swindle me out of my revenge; you put the winning card into my enemy's hand. You, my professed friend—you, who have made thousands out of me!"

"I grant the thousands," answered James Wyatt, looking up, and facing his accuser with a sparkle of defiance in his pale gray eyes. "People who want dirty work done must pay a good price for it. But as for friendship, please remember that I have never made any professions on that score. When have you ever treated *me* like a friend, Gilbert Sinclair, or like an equal? When have you descended from the lofty standpoint of your coal-pits and your smelting-works to my level? Not once. And you think because you have made a social door-mat of me—because you have let me fetch and carry, and honored me with your confidence when you wanted to air your grievances, or get out of a difficulty—because, in one word, I have been useful, you think I am to call you my friend, and sacrifice my own interests to any amount in order to gratify your spite. You wanted to get rid of Davenant: I took it off your hands, and made a profit by the transaction. You don't suppose I would speculate five-and-thirty thousand to oblige you?"

"Judas!" cried Gilbert Sinclair, seizing his quondam friend by the throat, mad with passion.

The soberer and calmer man had the better of mere brute force. James Wyatt shook off his assailant as easily as if he had been the athlete, and Gilbert the thinker and plotter.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, contemptuously; "don't waste your breath in upbraiding *me* with treachery. Look at home. Look to your own house, and your pretty wife, who recovered her senses so quickly under the influence of her German physician. Have you had many visits from that German physician, Mr. Sinclair? Perhaps he times his visits so as to avoid meeting you. You spend a good deal of your life away from Davenant, you see."

"What do you mean?" gasped the other.

"What I say. Look at home for treachery. I gave you a hint the night our German friend first came to your house, but you were too dull to take it."

Gilbert started, and looked at him intently.

"I remember what you said—'Watch your wife.' I did watch her. What then?"

"You saw how he—the strange doctor—could awaken intelligence which no one else could rouse. You saw how she sang at his bidding—how tears flowed—for him. A case of electro-biology, one would suppose."

"Wyatt, I shall strangle you if you don't put your meaning into the very plainest words!"

"And perhaps strangle me if I do. I must risk that, I suppose," said Mr. Wyatt, with a laugh. "Plainly, then, you should have made better use of your eyes that night, and seen through the disguise of a pair of smoke-colored spectacles and a gray wig and beard. The man who came to your house with Lord Clanyarde was Sir Cyprian Davenant."

"It's a lie!" cried Gilbert Sinclair.

"It's as true as that your wife's recovery dates from the hour of his visit."

"You knew this—you—my legal adviser—friend—and you sold my estate to that man—knowing this!" cried Sinclair, almost inarticulate with passion.

"Again I must repeat that I never professed to be your friend. As your legal adviser, I had no right to interfere in your domestic affairs. As to the sale of the property, I can not see how that affects your position with Sir Cyprian."

If Gilbert could have flown at the man's throat again and strangled him, there might have been some satisfaction in that act of savagery. To call him bad names, and to see his sardonic grin as he heard them, was a poor relief, but all that civilization allowed. Gilbert hurled some of the hardest epithets in the vocabulary of abuse at that smiling traitor, and then flung himself out of the room and out of the house.

The hansom was waiting for him—meekly as your most spirited hansom will wait on a balmy evening for a safe customer. The young May moon was up in the soft opal sky.

"Charing Cross Station—double fare," cried Mr. Sinclair; and the cab-horse enlivened the shades of quiet Bloomsbury by the clatter of his poor chipped hoofs in a hand-gallop.

* * * * * * *

James Wyatt paced his room in the darkening shadows, deep in thought. He had sent a poisoned barb to the heart of the man he hated, and he was glad. There was not a petty slight of days gone by, not a small insolence, for which he had not paid himself handsomely by to-night's work; but it was not to avenge the millionaire's petty slights and small insolences, not to uplift the wounded crest of his own self-esteem, viper-like, that he had stung his enemy. His hatred of Gilbert Sinclair had a deeper root than wounded pride. Disappointed love was its source. But for Gilbert Sinclair he might have been loved by the one woman whose regard he valued. Clara Walsingham's constancy to her old lover was the offense that made Gilbert loathsome to his quondam friend, and it was to gratify his own jealousy that he had aroused the demon of jealousy in his rival's breast.

"He shall know the flavor of the anguish he has caused me," thought Wyatt, "if his coarse soul can suffer as I have suffered for a woman's sake. Whether his wife is guilty or innocent, matters nothing to me. The pain will be *his*. If he were man enough to blow his brains out, now, there might be a chance for me with Clara. So long as he lives she will cling to the hope of winning him back. Where is she hiding, I wonder, and what is her scheme of life, while I am wearing my life out for her sake?"

Mr. Wyatt had not seen Mrs. Walsingham since that interview in which she had refused to keep faith with him, flinging her promise to the winds. He had gone to Half-Moon Street on the following Saturday evening, determined to make peace with her at any sacrifice of his own dignity, with the slavish pertinacity of a man who passionately loves. He had driven up to the door, expecting to see the lighted windows shining out on the wintry street, to hear Herr Klavierschlager pounding the Erard, and the hum and twitter of many voices, as he went up the narrow flower-scented staircase; but to his surprise the windows were all dark, and a sleepy little maid-servant came to the door with a guttering tallow candle, and informed him that Mrs. Walsingham had gone abroad, the maid-servant knew not whither.

"Was there no direction left for forwarding letters?" asked Mr. Wyatt.

"No, Sir, not as I knows of. The hagent, p'r'aps, wot has the lettin' of the 'ouse might know."

Mr. Wyatt hunted out the house-agent on Monday morning, but that useful member of society had received no information about Mrs. Walsingham's destination, whether she meant to travel or to be stationary. He was to let her house to a good tenant, and to communicate with her through her solicitor.

Mr. Wyatt went to the solicitor, who politely refused to give his client's address.

"Perhaps she has gone into a convent," thought James Wyatt, at his wits' end; and this disappointment added not a little to the bitterness of his feelings toward that profitable client of his, Gilbert Sinclair.

* * * * * * *

Staples, the butler, came in with the lamps, shut the solid old oak shutters, cleared the tables, and brought his master a cup of coffee, all in an orderly and respectable manner that was well worth his sixty pounds a year. Mr. Wyatt was a man who would not have kept a bad servant a week, and never parted with a good one.

The postman's knock sounded on the ponderous door while Mr. Wyatt was sipping his coffee, and Staples came in with several letters on a silver waiter.

James Wyatt spread them out before him thoughtfully, as if they were cards and he were calculating their value. Handsome creamy envelopes, thick and aristocratic, with armorial bearings on the seals; others blue and business-like, and unpretendingly inexpressive. One narrow little envelope, thin, green, and shiny. This was the first he opened.

The letter it contained was written in a small scratching hand, unmistakably foreign, little curly tails to all the d's, a general scragginess in the y's, a paucity of capitals.

"Why do you not let me see you, or write to me? Is it not that it is cruel, after so much of promises? You leave me to languish, without hope. Dream you that I shall content to be servant for always, after what you have promised? But do not believe it. I have too much spirit. It must that I talk to you of all that at leisure, the eyes in the eyes, that I may see if you are true, if you have good intentions to my regard. Write me, and very quickly, my friend, it must that I have of your news.—Always your

"Melanie."

"This comes of an innocent flirtation—pour passer le temps—in a stupid country-house," said Mr. Wyatt, crumpling the letter savagely. "This girl will worry my life out. I was a fool to amuse myself with such a dangerous little viper. And if I were to be frank with her, and tell her to go about her business, she might make matters unpleasant for me. The law comes down rather heavily on any thing in the shape of conspiracy, and that little affair at Schönesthal might be made to assume that complexion. And the law never comes down so heavily as when it gets its hoof on a man who has plenty to lose. Your British jury, too, has no liking for a man who turns his superfluous capital to good account by lending it to fools. No, I must keep that Schönesthal business out of the law courts at any cost. Melanie must be pensioned, and sent back to her native valley, or her native slum—for I should think such an artful young person must have been born in some festering city alley rather than among vineyards or orchards."

Mr. Wyatt went to his writing-table and answered Mademoiselle Duport's letter without delay—briefly and cautiously.

[to be continued.]

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The subject of our double-page illustration is the Sunday performance of divine service on board the discovery ship *Alert*, in the arctic regions. The service was held on deck, beneath the shelter of a large awning, which, during the long and dreary winter, was adorned with icicles, as shown in the illustration. Although the expedition failed to reach the north pole, it was by no means entirely barren of results. The *Alert* wintered further north than any human beings had ever wintered before, in 82° 27′ N. The winter-quarters of the *Polaris* were in 81° 38′ N., south of those of the *Discovery* (81° 44′ N.). Consequently the officers and crew of the *Alert* passed through the longest period of darkness, without seeing the sun, that has ever been faced by human beings, namely, 142 days. They also endured the most intense arctic cold that has ever been registered, the temperature having been 59° below zero for thirteen consecutive days, and the lowest temperature having been 74° below zero.

On the return of the extended sledge parties, in the summer of this year, Captain Nares was able to review the work that had been achieved, and he found that the terrible sufferings his people had endured, the dangers and hardships they had faced and overcome, the losses they had to mourn, were not in vain.

The character of the great frozen polar ocean had been ascertained, and the observations relating to it are most important to the science of hydrography. A coast-line extending for fifty degrees of longitude along the polar ocean has been discovered and explored. The geology of the whole of the newly discovered region, as well as of the country from Cape Isabella to Cape Union, was ascertained, and large collections of fossils and rocks were made. It was found that the coal, showing the existence of an evergreen forest on the island of Disco, extended at least as far as 81° 44′ N. Corals, probably of the carboniferous period, were met with still further north, and the evidence respecting the rise of the land will explain many phenomena in arctic geology which have hitherto been puzzling. A most complete collection of the flora and fauna of the newly discovered region has been made, including the inhabitants of the polar ocean, and careful observations have been recorded on the migrations and distribution of animal life. Commander Markham brought up several crustaceans in seventy-two fathoms, in latitude 83° 20′ N. The series of meteorological, tidal, magnetic, and electric observations is most complete, and observations were also taken for spectrum analysis. With the exception of the pendulum observations, which were rendered useless by the effect of the extreme cold on the clock, the expedition returns with full and complete sets of observations, taken at two different stations, in every branch of science to which the attention of the officers was called. The accurate delineations of coast-lines, both in the long channel from Smith Sound to the polar ocean and along the northern coasts of Grant Land and Greenland, comprise most important additions to geographical knowledge.

Toward the end of last March a party consisting of two officers and three men, with a dog sledge, was sent out from the *Discovery* to cross Robeson Channel to Hall's Rest, the winter-quarters of the *Polaris*, to report on the stores left there by that ship, which had been placed at the disposal of the expedition by the United States government. They returned in four or five days, reporting that they had found biscuit, pemmican, preserved meat, molasses, and some other things. They lived in a wooden observatory that they found erected there. It took them more than half a day to get the snow off the building. Captain Hall's grave looked quite fresh. A head-board made from the door of a cabin, with an inscription upon it, had been put up to mark the spot. Subsequently, as mentioned in our account last week, a new head-board, with a brass plate, which had been taken out for the purpose from England, was erected over the grave, two views of which are given on page 988.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The observatory of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, has established a complete system of transmitting astronomical time to the various towns in the canton, which is a great benefit to the various manufactories of watches and chronometers in the immediate neighborhood. Controlled clocks are provided in Neuchâtel itself, and the time-signals are regularly transmitted to four stations in the Canton Neuchâtel (Chaux-de-fonds, Locle, Ponts, and Fleurier); and for the present they are also sent, at the request of the government of the Canton Vaud, to St. Croix. It has been found that the system really requires a special wire, since the federal telegraphs are subject to interruptions, which seriously interfere with the precision which should be aimed at in transmitting time. This is to be provided shortly.

Mr. Murray, in speaking of the oceanic deposits as observed on the *Challenger*, remarks that these are of three classes: first, those found all around the continents and islands existing throughout the world, without any exception, but which varied according to the places where they occurred; secondly, those found at from 200 to 300 miles from the land, consisting of shell and lime deposits, and covering most of the bed of the ocean; thirdly, those existing at other depths, and which were of siliceous character. The observations showed that a curious relation existed between the nature of the deposits and the depth of the water. It was also pointed out that in the neighborhood of the volcanic islands, and in no other places, were found large deposits of manganese, coating the shells and other things brought up from the bottom.

Colonel Gordon reached Magungo, on the Mwatan, Nyanza, on the 19th of July, and proposed to leave this place for King Mtesa's capital, and to establish there a garrison of 150 men. Military posts of thirty men each have already been established at Urondogani and Kafitza.

Dr. Pfund, attached to Colonel Colston's expedition to Kordofan and Darfur, died on the 23d of August in the latter place. He had collected a large amount of geographical and botanical information, which will be hereafter made known through the Egyptian General Staff.

It has recently been affirmed by Göppert that no matter how carefully writing has been obliterated, sufficient traces of the iron oxide of the ink will remain to appear in a photograph of the piece of paper. The light reflected from the unwritten paper acts differently on photographic materials from that reflected from parts which have formerly been covered with ink.

The report proper of the United States Fish Commissioner for the years 1873–74 and 1874–75 has just made its appearance as a part of the complete report, not yet through the press of the government. This, as usual, embraces the results of an inquiry into the diminution of food fishes on the sea-coast and in the lakes, as well as a history of the measures taken for their propagation in the waters of the United States. The operations of two years are detailed.

The summer station of the Commission for the purpose of the first object referred to was established for 1873 in Portland Harbor, where, with the assistance of the United States steam-tug *Blue Light*, placed at the service of the Commission by the United States Navy Department, a very efficient work was done in the way of trawling, dredging, soundings, temperature observations, etc. A large number of specialists connected more or less with the Commission were associated in this research, the centre of operations being Peak's Island, three miles from the city of Portland. The vessel was commanded by Captain L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N. The meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Portland, during the summer, brought many scientific persons to the station at Peak's Island, who took much interest in the operations of the Commission.

Among the more important discoveries of the Commission was the fact of the existence on the coast of Maine of colonies of marine animals, at present for the most part restricted to much more southern localities, indicating the existence at a former period of a considerably warmer condition of the waters.

In addition to the work of the *Blue Light*, the services of the Coast Survey steamer *Bache* were secured from Professor Peirce for explorations at a considerable distance from the coast.

The station for marine investigation in 1874 was established at Noank, Connecticut, where to a considerable extent the same party of specialists, with the assistance of the *Blue Light*, took part in the labors of the Commission. Much work was accomplished in a thorough exploration of the marine zoology of the coast. As in previous years, the researches in the department of the invertebrates was under the charge of Professor A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, that of the fishes being in charge of Mr. G. Brown Goode.

Certain apparent anomalies in the distribution of animal life off the coast were explained by the detection of a cold current flowing through Fisher's Island Sound and Block Island Sound into Long Island Sound.

The portion of the report relating to the propagation of food fishes gives the history of what was done during the two years in supplying shad, Penobscot and California salmon, land-locked salmon, and other fishes to various rivers and lakes throughout the United States. During this period more than 15,000,000 shad were actually distributed, nearly every principal river in the country receiving its share. The number of California salmon deposited in the waters of the Atlantic slope, as the result of the work of the season of 1874–75, was 3,127,000, and of Penobscot salmon, during the same year, 2,294,565 were distributed.

Archæologists in this country will be pleased to learn that Count Oovaroff is preparing for publication at Moscow a very elaborate work on the Stone Age of Russia, with numerous illustrations. This will furnish a long-needed opportunity of comparison between the stone implements of the Old World and the New.

Preparations are being made at St. Petersburg for the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Academy of Sciences.

The fifth exposition of insects injurious or beneficial to agriculture was held for four weeks in Paris, closing on the 4th of October. This exposition is now biennial.

The Observatory of Leipsic has begun the preparation of charts of nebulæ, thirty charts being now finished. These charts contain all nebulæ visible with a comet seeker of five inches aperture and ninety diameters magnifying power, and each chart includes a space of a square degree in the sky. As soon as fifty of these charts are prepared, their publication will commence.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A traveling Irishman, who had gone the whole round of the Continent, was returning home satiated with having "seen nothing," when, in a field by the road, he saw a fight; he stopped his carriage, hurried to the scene of action, took his side, with small reference to the question at issue, obtained his due amount of blinding bruises, and groped back to his carriage, exclaiming, "By Jove, this is the first bit of pleasure I have had since I have been from home!"

Almost every Thing.—A fast youth asked, at a city restaurant, "What have you got?" "Almost every thing," was the reply. "Almost every thing? Well, give me a plate of that." "Certainly.—One plate of hash," yelled the waiter.

"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts; do you mean that you are a sculptor?" "No, Sir; I don't sculp myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does."

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

Why is a billiard marker like a stage prompter?—Because he gives the players the cue.

All the Difference.—"What's the use of making such a fuss about a little water?" said a judge, before whom motion after motion had come in a case where a small spring was the object of contention. "The parties are both milkmen," quietly said one of the lawyers. "Oh, I see!" said the judge.

When a Chinese bank fails, all the officers have their heads cut off and flung into a corner with the assets; and it has been 500 years since there was a bank failure in that country.

Warm Tenants.—A paper recently contained the following item: "A building in this city took fire in the roof yesterday from spontaneous combustion. An examination into the cause was made, but nothing bearing on the subject was ascertained beyond the fact that the edifice was tenanted by thirty-eight lawyers."

When are gloves unsalable?—When they are kept on hand.

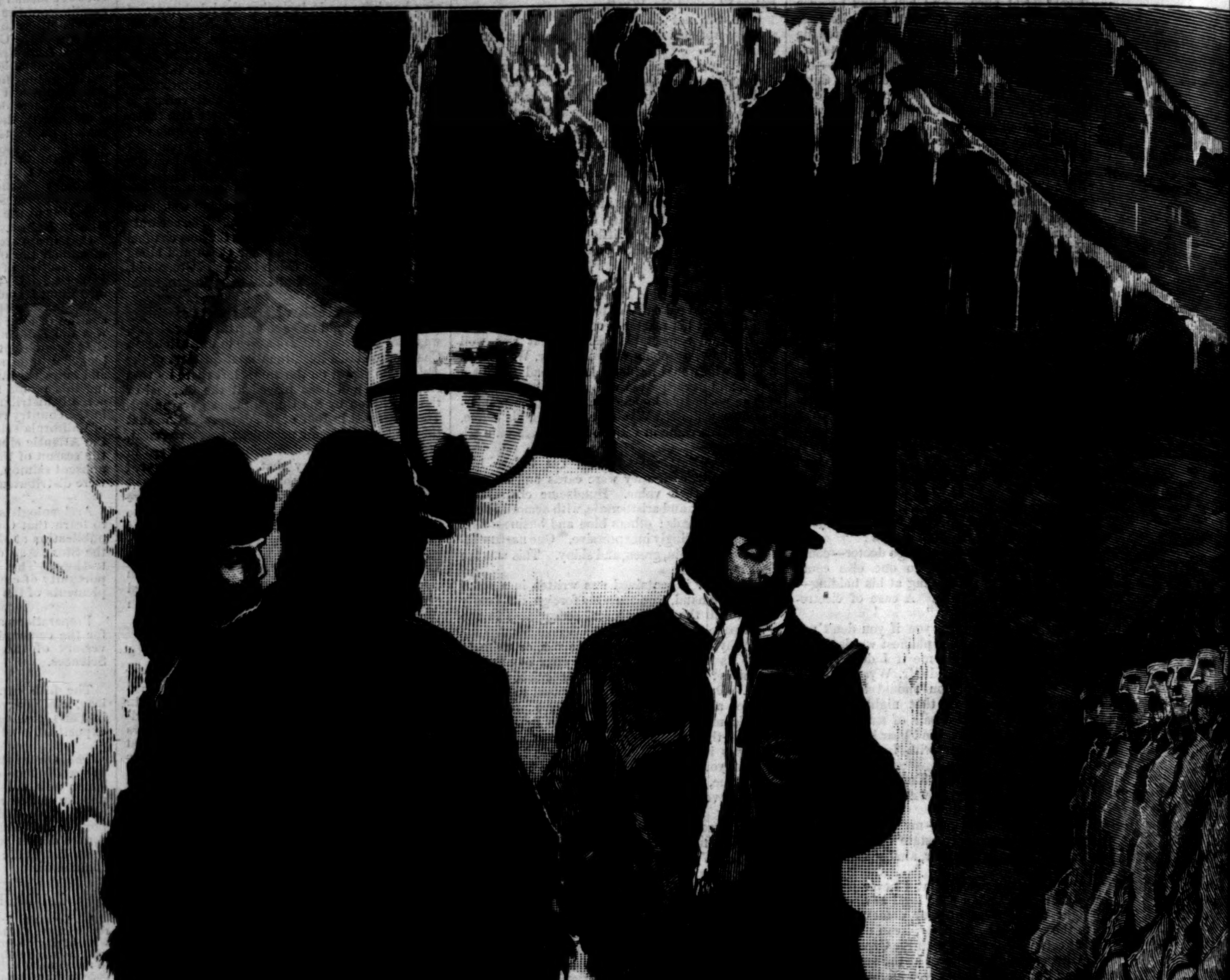
The warmest Kind of Hat.—One that's got stove in.

"Does our constant chatter disturb you?" asked one of three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow-passenger. "No, ma'am; I've been married nigh on to thirty years," was the reply.

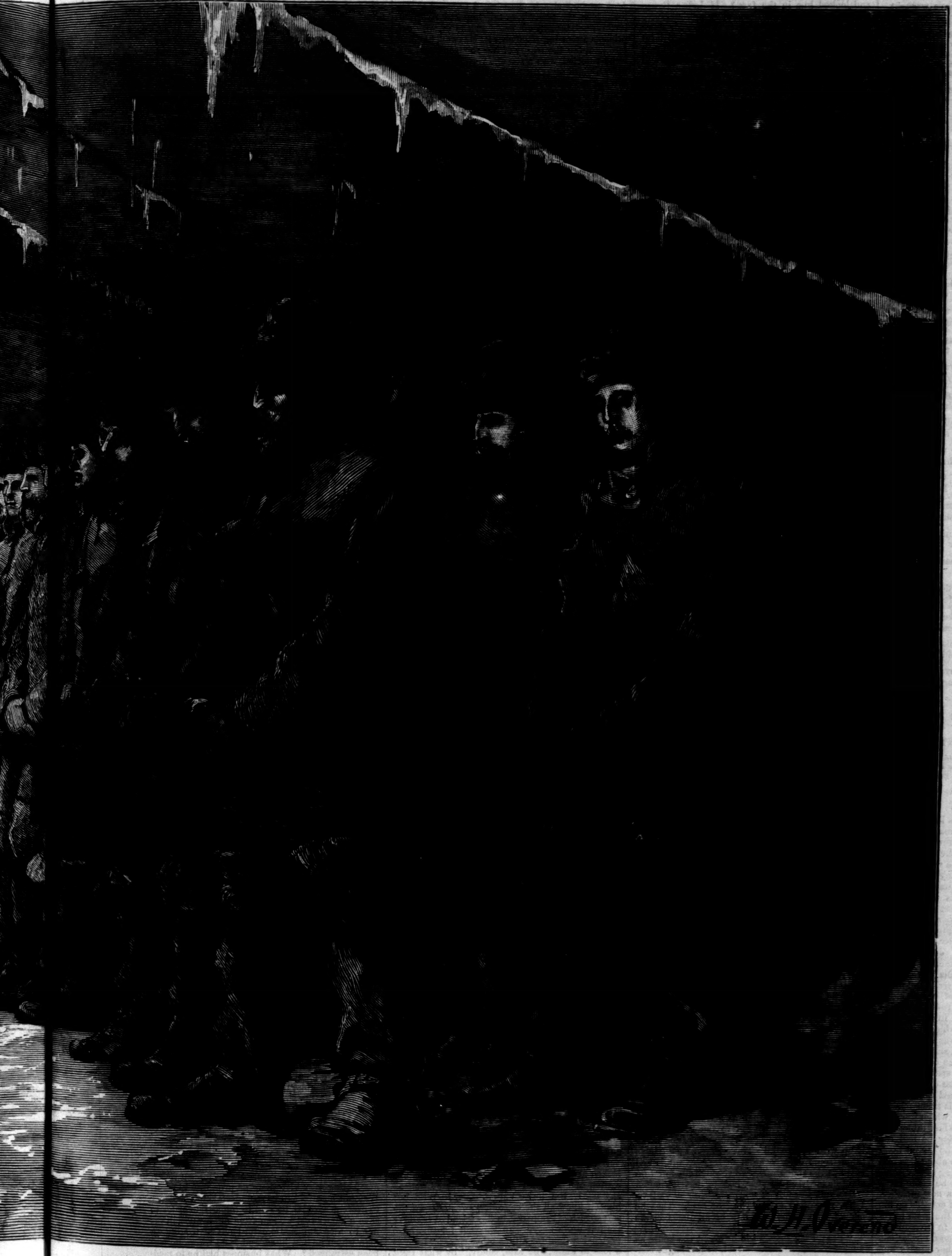
"Pa, what does it mean to be tried by a jury of one's peers?" "It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals—on an equality with him—so that they will have no prejudice against him." "Then, pa, I suppose you'd have to be tried by a jury of bald-headed men?"

Some months ago an Oregon man named his girl baby Queen Victoria, and wrote to the Queen to that effect. Not hearing from her Majesty, he changed the child's name to Hannah, and went out and pounded the first Englishman he met.

The breezy Morn.—During these cool breezy mornings, when the air seems fresher and the fields are bespangled with dew-diamonds, when all Nature seems to invite man to a romp, how pleasant it is, just as the first streaks of daylight steal through the shutters, for the refreshed, re-invigorated sleeper to turn over in bed and take another nap!



THE BRITISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—SUNDAY MORNING



ENING N BOARD THE "ALERT," IN MIDWINTER.—[See Page 991.]

A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING SERMON.

AY, goodman, close the great barn door;
The mellow harvest time is o'er:

The earth has given her treasures meet
Of golden corn and bearded wheat.

You and your neighbors well have wrought,
And of the summer's bounty caught;

Won from her smiles and from her tears
Much goods, perhaps, for many years.

You come a tribute now to pay—
The bells proclaim Thanksgiving-day.

Well have you sown, well have you reaped;
And of the riches you have heaped

You think, perhaps, that you will give
A part, that others too may live.

But if such argument you use,
Your niggard bounty I refuse.

No gifts you on the altar lay
In any sense are given away.

Lo! rings from Heaven a voice abroad:
"Who helps God's poor shall lend the Lord!"

What is your wealth? I'd have you know,
To hold it, you must let it go.

Think you the hand by Heaven struck cold
Will yet have power to clutch its gold?

Shrouds have no pockets, do they say?
Behold! I show you, then, the way:

Wait not till death shall shut the door,
But send your cargoes on before.

Lo! he that giveth of his hoard
To help God's poor doth lend the Lord.

To-day, my brethren—do not wait:
Just yonder stands Dame Kelly's gate;

And would you build a mansion fair
In heaven, send your lumber there;

Each stick that on her wood-pile lies
May raise a dome beyond the skies;

You stop the rents within her walls,
And yonder rise your marble halls;

For every pane that stops the wind
There shineth one with jasper lined.

Your wealth is gone, your form lies cold,
But in the City paved with gold

Your hoard is held by hands divine;
It bears a name that marks it thine.

Behold the bargain ye have made!
With usury the bond is paid.

No moth doth eat, no thieves do steal,
No suffering heart doth envy feel;

The scattered dust that ye have given
Is garnered by your God in heaven.

Ring out the words, Who of his hoard
Doth help God's poor shall lend the Lord!

Go, get your cargoes under way;
The bells ring out Thanksgiving-day!

CARITÀ.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. BERESFORD was seated in his library, as usual, in the morning; he had breakfasted and glanced over his newspaper, and now had settled down to "work," that is, to what he called work. He would not have been much the worse had he idled, nor would his finances or any body's comfort have suffered; probably that was one reason why he was so industrious. His writing-table was arranged with the most perfect order: here his blotting-book, his pens, his paper of all sizes, from ponderous foolscap to the lightest accidental note; there his books of reference; in the centre, the volume he was studying. John, by long practice, had learned to know exactly where to place all his master's paraphernalia. He sat in front of the fire, which crackled merrily and made light *pétillements*, in the sound of which alone there was genial company. The ruddy sunshine of the winter morning entered in a sidelong gleam; every thing was comfortable, warm, and luxurious round him. The room was lined almost as high as the ceiling with books, and the square table near the further window was covered with magazines and newspapers. He spared nothing in that way, though for himself he did not read half the literature that was placed there ready for him. He took his place at his table, opened his book, put down the letters which he had brought with him from the breakfast table, and prepared to write—or to work—for he had the intention of writing a review of the bound book he was reading. His letters were about this and other important matters—a meeting of the Imperial Society—the arrangements to be made for a series of lectures—the choice of a new member. He put down all these momentous epistles on his table, and turned over a page of the book in respect to which he had prepared to give to the world some new ideas of his own on the relations between mind and matter, or rather upon some of those strange processes by which the human brain, which is as purely matter as the human leg, pranks itself up in the appearance of a spiritual entity. He was fond of philosophical questions. But when he had made all these preparations, he stopped suddenly short and began to think. What process was it that brought across him, like a sudden breath of summer air with the scent of flowers in it, that sudden flood of recollections? In a moment, invading his breast and his mind with thoughts of the past, he felt as people do to whom an old friend appears suddenly, bringing with him a hundred forgotten associations. Had some one come into the warm and pleasant room and laid a hand upon his shoulder and looked him in the face? If James Beresford had been a superstitious man, he would have thought so. His wife had been dead for more than five years, and long and weary and painful these years had been. Lately, however, his heart had been lulled to rest by sweet friendliness and sympathy and help; he had felt strong enough to take up his ordinary life again and return into the world—not unfaithful, but consoled and soothed. Nothing had happened to him to break this sensation of rest from trouble. What happened now was not painful. It was only the sudden return of thoughts which had been in abeyance. She seemed to come and stand by him, as she used to do, looking over his shoulder, asking after his work. "What are you doing?" he seemed to hear her say, leaning over him with that familiar proprietorship of him and all his works and ways which was so sweet. Why had this visitation come to him to-day? Of course it must have been some impression on his nerves which thus reflected itself through his being. Some chance contact had stirred one of those strings which move what we call feelings in the strange machinery of our puppet nature. He thought somehow that when he had said this it explained the mystery. All at once, like a gale of spring, like a sudden thaw, or like some one coming into the room; though the last metaphor was not so fine as the others, it was the most true. Few of our mental processes (he would have allowed) are pure thought. This was not thought at all; he felt as if she stood by him—she whom he had lost; as if this life came back as it used to be. His grief for her, he knew, had been lulled to rest, and it was not any revival of the sharpness and bitterness of that grief which moved him: it was a return for a few minutes of the life they had lived together, of the conditions which life had borne before.

Perhaps it was simply because his sister was there, and the sound of the two feminine voices—hers and Cara's—at the breakfast table had brought back memories of the old times. He leaned his elbows on his open book, and his chin in the hollow of his hands. What a different life it had been! What were his societies now, his articles, all his "work," to the first spontaneous living of those days that were dead? How she would come in familiar, sure of her right to be wherever he was; not timid, like Cara, who never knew whether her father would be pleased or not pleased to see her, nor reconciled, like good Cherry, who admired and wondered at his books and his writing. He knew how these two would look at any moment if need or business brought them knocking to his door. But he never could tell how *she* would look, so various were her aspects, never the same—two women sometimes in one moment, turning to tears or to sunshine in the twinkling of an eye, cheering him, provoking him, stimulating him. Ah, what a change! Life might have its soothings now, its consolations, little makings up and props to give it the appearance of being the same life as before, but nothing could ever make it what it had been. He had not died of it, neither would he die of it. The grief that kills is rare; but whatever might happen to him in the world, so much was certain, that the delight of life was over, the glory gone out of it. And he did not wish it to be otherwise, he said to himself. There are things which a man can have but once. Some men are so happy as to retain those best things of life till old age; but he was not one of those blessed men. And he was no longer wretched and a wanderer on the face of the earth. Time had brought him a softening potion, a Jim pleasantness of tranquillity and friends—good, tender, soothing, kindest friends.

Some one coming in broke suddenly this strange revival of memory; and of all people in the world it was the doctor, Maxwell, whose name was so linked to the recollections of the old life, but who, Beresford felt, had never been the same to him since Annie died. His mind had been so preoccupied that he had never inquired what was the cause of this estrangement. What did it matter to him if all the world was estranged? he had felt vaguely; and if he thought upon the subject at all, supposed that in the anguish of his mind he had said something or done something to vex his old friend. But what did it matter? His life had been too much shipwrecked at first to have his mind at liberty to care what might happen. And now the estrangement was a *fait accompli*. But his heart was touched and soft that morning. The thought of Annie had come back to him, and here was some one deeply associated with Annie. In the little start with which he got up from his chair at the sound of Maxwell's name, a rush of resolution ran through his veins with a rapidity such as leaves words hopelessly behind. "I will get to the bottom of it whatever it is. I will know the cause, and make it up with Maxwell." These words would have taken some definite atom of time to think and say, but the thought rushed through his mind instantaneously as he rose, holding out his hand. "Maxwell, you are an unusual visitor nowadays. I am very glad to see you," he said. That he should have come just now of all times in the world!

"Yes; I have ceased to be about the house as I used to be," the doctor said, with a slight confusion, grasping the hand offered to him. And then they sat down on two chairs opposite to each other, and there was a pause. They were both embarrassed a little. This kind of coolness between two friends is more difficult to get over than an actual quarrel. Maxwell was not at his ease. How many recollections this room brought back to him! That strange visitor who had stood by James Beresford's side a minute before stood by his now. He seemed to see her standing against the light, shaking her finger at them in reproof. How often she had done so, the light catching her dress, making a kind of halo round her! Was it possible she was gone—gone, disappeared from before their eyes, making no sign? And yet how clearly she seemed to stand there, looking at the two whose talk she had so often interrupted, broken off, made an end of, with capricious sweet impertinences! Maxwell, like her husband, felt the reality of her so strong that his mind rejected, with a strange vertigo, the idea of her absolute severance from this house and this life. The vertigo grew still greater, and his head seemed to turn round and round when he remembered why he had come.

"Why is it?" said Beresford. "Something seems to have come between us; I can't tell what. Is it accidental, or does it mean any thing? I have had a distracted life, as you know, and I may have done something amiss—"

"No, no," said the other, hurriedly; "let us say nothing about that. I meant nothing. Beresford, if you have this feeling now, what will you think when you hear that I have undertaken a disagreeable, intrusive mission?"

"Intrusive?" he smiled. "I don't see what you could be intrusive about. You want to know all my affairs; and if you don't know them now, it is not my fault."

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor, involuntarily, "how am I to do it? Look here, Beresford; I said I would come, thinking that I, who knew you so well, would annoy you less than a stranger; but I don't feel so sure about that now."

"What is this gunpowder plot?" said Beresford, with a laugh. "Have I been guilty of high treason without knowing it, and must I fly for my life?"

The doctor cleared his throat; he grew red in the face; finally he jumped up from his chair and went to the big fire-place, where he stood with his back to the fire, and his face a little out of his friend's sight.

"Beresford, have you ever thought what a strange position Mrs. Meredith is in?"

"Mrs. Meredith!" He said this with such unfeigned surprise that his visitor felt more awkward than ever. "What can she have to do with any disunion between you and me?"

"By Jove!" cried the doctor, "we are all a pack of fools;" and from the fire he walked to the window in the perturbation of his thoughts.

Beresford laughed. "One can never say any thing civil to a speech like that, especially as—Forgive me, I have not a notion what you can mean."

Maxwell looked out into the square to pluck up courage. He coughed as men do when they are utterly at a loss, when it is worth while to gain even a moment. "Don't be angry with me," he said, with sudden humility. "I should not have taken it in hand, especially as you have that feeling; but, look here, I *have* taken it in hand, and I must speak. Beresford, old Seton came to me yesterday. He's Meredith's friend, with a general commission to look after the family."

"Has any thing happened to Meredith?" said Mr. Beresford, with concern. "This is the second time you have mentioned him. I scarcely know him; but if there is any thing wrong, I shall be very sorry, for *her* sake."

"There is nothing wrong, unless it is of your doing," said the doctor, with abrupt determination. "To tell the truth, Meredith has heard, or somebody has told him, or a gossiping has been got up—I don't know what—about your visits. You go there too often, they say—every night—"

"Maxwell!" cried James Beresford, springing to his feet.

"There! I told you," said the doctor. "I said you would be angry—as if it were my fault. I am only the mouth-piece. Old Seton would have come to you himself, but I was sure it could be nothing but inadvertence, and undertook the office, knowing you too well—much too well—to think for a moment—"

"Inadvertence! Knowing me too well to think! In the name of Heaven, what is there to think? What have I been inadvertent about? Angry! Of course I am angry. What have I done to be gossiped about? One of us must be out of his senses; surely either you or I—"

"No, it isn't that. Gossip does not spare any one. And, pardon me," said the doctor, growing bolder now that the worst was over, "if you had ever thought, you must have seen that such frequent visits—to a woman who is married, whose husband is at the other end of the world—"

"Stop! stop, I tell you! I will not have *her* discussed or her name introduced."

"That is quite right, Beresford. I knew you would feel so. Is it right, then, that the tenderest heart on the face of the earth should be worried and bullied because of you?"

"Good God!" cried the bewildered man, "has she been worried and bullied? What do you mean? Who has presumed to find fault? She is— I am not going to say what she is."

"It is not necessary. I know that as well as any one."

Beresford made a half-conscious pause, and looked at his reprover with a sudden involuntary raising of his eyebrows. Knew that as well as any one! Did he? Vain boaster! Who but himself knew all the consoling sweetness, all the soft wealth of sympathy, in this friend of friends? He felt more angry with Maxwell for this false pretension than for all his other sins. "I am at a loss to know," he said, coldly, "by what right any one attempts to interfere with my liberty of action. I am not a man whose visits to any house can be considered suspicious. I should have thought that my character and my antecedents were enough to preserve me from injurious comment and the gossip you speak of."

"Beresford," said the other, hastily, "what about you? No amount of gossip could do you any real harm. You must see that. The question is about *her*."

It was Beresford's time now to be excited. He began to pace about the room in deep annoyance and agitation. Of course this was true. What was nothing to a man might be every thing to a woman. And no man worthy the name would expose a woman to comment. He took refuge, first, in furious abuse of gossip. What had any one to do with his proceedings? A man is always more shocked and angry to find himself the object of remark than a woman is. It seemed incredible to him that *he*—of all people in the world, *he*—should be the object of impertinent remark. The idea was intolerable to Beresford. The doctor wisely said nothing, but let him have his ravings out, withdrawing himself to a chair by the table, where he sat writing out imaginary prescriptions with the worn stump of a pen which he found there, and keeping as far out of the passionate stream of monologue as possible. This was wise treatment, the best he could have adopted, and after a while the subject of the operation calmed down. He flung himself at last into his chair, and there was a stormy pause.

"I suppose," said Beresford, with a long-drawn breath of mingled pain and anger, "this was what Cherry meant. I could not make her out. She is in it too. Have you all laid your heads together and consulted what was the thing that could pain me most—the most susceptible point left?"

Maxwell made no direct reply. "If Miss Cherry has spoken to you, Beresford, you know your sister," he said. "She would not hurt a fly, much less you, whom she holds in such high respect, and she would not think evil readily—would she, now? If she has spoken, you must understand that there is something in it. Listen, my dear fellow. There are things that must be done and left undone in this world for the sake of the fools in it merely. You know that as well as I do. Say the fools ought to be defied and crushed, if you like, but in reality we have all to consider them. The people of bad imaginations and low minds and mean views really make the laws for the rest of the world. We can't help it. For ourselves it might not matter, but for those who are dear to us—for those who are less independent than we—"

Again there was a pause. Beresford sat with his elbows on the table and bit his nails savagely. In this painful amusement there seemed a certain relief. He stared straight before him, seeing nothing. At last he turned round sharply upon the doctor, who, with his head bent down, still sat scribbling without any ink with the old stump of the pen in his hand. "What do you want me to do?" he said.

"Beresford, I did not come here to dictate to you. I came simply to call your attention."

"Oh, let us not quibble about words! Dictation! yes, and something more than dictation. Of course I am helpless before the plea you bring up. Of course I have nothing to do but submit if there is any question of annoyance to— Low minds and bad imaginations indeed! That any one should suggest the most distant possibility, the shadow, of a reproach!"

"We suggest nothing of the sort, Beresford. We suggest only a most simple precaution—a rule ordinarily observed."

He made a gesture of impatience, stopping further explanation, and again for two minutes, which looked like an hour, the two men sat silent together, not, it may be supposed, with any increase of friendliness toward each other in their thoughts. Perhaps, however, it was on the side of the reproved that this feeling was really strong. The reprover was compunctious and eager to do any thing he could to conciliate. He kept a furtive watch upon his victim as he scribbled. The other had retreated within that most invulnerable of all fortresses, silence, and sat, still biting his nails, staring into the vacant air, neither by word or look making any communication of his thoughts. Nothing is more difficult than to maintain a silence like this; the least absorbed of the two engaged in this passage of arms came to feel after a time that he must speak or die—and what to say? More upon the same subject might lessen the impression already made, and to introduce another subject would be impossible. When the pause had lasted as long as possibility permitted, Maxwell got up, put the pen slowly back in the tray from which it had strayed, tossed the pair of pages he had been engraving upon into the waste basket, gathered up his gloves, his stick, his hat. Nothing could be more slow and hesitating than all these preparations for departure, which was somewhat ostentatious at the same time, by way of calling the attention of Beresford, and perhaps drawing forth something more. "I must be going," he said at last, holding out his hand. "I hope you won't think me—unfriendly, Beresford, in any thing I have said?"

"Good-morning," said the other, sullenly. Then he made a visible effort to command himself, and rose up, but slowly putting out his hand. "Very likely not," he said. "I don't say it was unfriendly. You would not have taken such a disagreeable office on yourself if you had meant unkindness. No; I suppose I should thank you, but it is rather hard to do it. Good-by."

There was no more said. Maxwell went away, not feeling very victorious or proud of himself. Was not he a fool to have undertaken it in order to prevent scandal, he said to himself, in order to save a very sweet woman from annoyance, in order to help James Beresford out of trouble—a man whom he had liked, and from whom he had been estranged? What business had he to meddle with other people's business? This, I fear, was his reflection, as it has been the reflection of so many who have strained a point to aid a friend, and whose self-denial has not been appreciated. 'Catch me doing such a foolish thing again," he said to himself.

As for Beresford, he resumed his seat and his thoughts when the other was gone. Those thoughts were lost within him, and full of pain. He who, even when this messenger of evil arrived, had been thinking with faithful love of his wife; he whose life had been made a desert by her dying, whose whole existence was changed, who had not cared for years what became of him, because of that love—to be met by this unjust and insane reproval as soon as he had screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and resumed his natural position in his own house. It had been a hard thing to do; at every corner he had expected to meet her—in the silence he had fancied he heard her calling him—the whole house was full of her, echoing with her steps and her voice. Yet he had schooled himself to come back, to resume so much as remained to him of life under his own roof. So much as remained, not thinking of years, but of value and merit. He was not of very much use to any one, nor had he been much missed, perhaps, except in the working of the societies, and there were so many people who could do that. But he had been patient, and come back, and established himself "at home," because it was his duty. He had not shrunk from his duty. And this was his reward. His one source of soft consolation—the one gentle friend on whose constant sympathy he could reckon, who made this life of endurance supportable to him, and kept him up by kind words, by understanding his wants and troubles—she was to be taken from him. He got up and walked up and down his long room, and then went to the window and looked blankly out. Almost without knowing what it was he saw a brougham come to the next door, and old Mr. Seton step out of it and enter Mrs. Meredith's house. He had gone to warn her, to disturb the sweet composure of her mind, to imbitter all her thoughts. Beresford turned round, and began to walk up and down more and more hotly. Could any thing in the world be more innocent? He asked, nay, he wanted, nothing more of her. To go and sit by her now and then (this was how he characterized his long and daily visits), what was there in that to justify this insulting demand upon him? He lashed himself up into a fury when he thought of it. He, the truest of mourners, and she, the least frivolous of women. If ever there was a true friendship, full of support and mutual comfort, this was the one. And now, at the pleasure of a set of wretched gossips, ill-minded men, disagreeable women, was this gentle makeshift and substitute for domestic happiness to be torn from him? And how—good heavens, how?

That was the question. It was easy to talk, and say that such a thing must cease; but how was it to be done? Was he supposed capable of telling her that he must resign her friendship? Was Seton, perhaps, making the communication at this very moment, telling her that it must not be; suggesting thoughts that would distress her mind and disturb the whole tenor of her life? For to give pain would be worse than misfortune to her, and she could not so cast him off without giving pain and feeling it. He thought—it was an imagination—that he heard a voice high in discussion on the other side of the wall that separated the two houses. Was that old meddler taking it upon him to lecture *her* now?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PAPACY AND THE ELECTION.

Whatever may be the result of the election of 1876, whatever difficulties and dangers may still surround it, there can be no doubt that the intelligence of the country has exerted itself with unusual vigor in its Centennial year, and has pronounced a decided condemnation of the policy of the papal and Democratic party. Wherever the teacher has ruled and common schools prevail, there has been no tendency to reaction, no desire to revive in the New World the religious and secular distinctions of the Old. To create an ignorant commonalty and a ruling caste, to fill the country with charity schools and sectarian seminaries, to menace the press, drive out free speech by force, and even use violence to insure the political subjection of the masses, are the aims and practices only of the least intelligent sections of the nation; and we have the not unusual spectacle of the intense ignorance of the degraded quarters of a few Northern cities, joined to the wholly illiterate sections at the South, making an almost successful attempt to govern and destroy the republic. For it is not possible to believe that under such influences free institutions can continue to exist unharmed. With Mr. Tilden as its head, with the papal Democracy of New York city and the ruling Confederates of the South controlling the country, we could see on the one side only the triumph of a foreign superstition, and on the other of the lowest traits of barbarism. The Southern magnate rules over his ignorant constituency by nearly the same means with which a Feejee chieftain holds his savages in awe; and the Kellys and Tildens of New York are the perhaps unconscious servants of the potent superstition of infallibilism.

It is a clear proof of the good sense of the Northern section of States that they have given an almost unanimous rebuke to this strange alliance. They, at least, have not been seduced by the extravagant promises of the papal faction, nor hurried away by that passion for "change" of which Mr. Charles Francis Adams has avowed himself the easy victim. Wise men do not leap a precipice for change, and the prospect of a Confederate rule at Washington would seem a plunge into an unknown abyss sufficiently terrible. In the North the papal faction has been able to gain only four States out of twenty-two for its Southern friends, and sixty-five electoral votes to one hundred and sixty-six. The chain of Free States, almost in an unbroken line, encircles the less cultivated portions of the Union. The Eastern have given an immense and unusual majority for Republicanism; the great Northwest, destined to become the most populous and powerful section of the country, the granary of the world, has united once more in the defense of free schools and liberal progress; Nebraska, Nevada, Kansas, keep up the golden line of intelligence; and all along the Pacific shores the sentiments of patriotism and of union have set at defiance the unholy league of Southern insurgents and papal priests. It is, indeed, a prospect full of hope. There is safety for the republic so long as these great and intelligent communities keep watch over its best interests and rule in its politics; and it is certain that, however the Eastern section of the Union may be tainted or overborne by European influences, the principles of 1776 will be upheld by the uncounted millions of educated and industrious citizens who are to people the wonderful region that spreads from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

The real victory of the papal faction has lain almost wholly in the larger Eastern cities, and chiefly in New York. The State of New York, in the face of many discouragements, has given its usual majority for union and good order; the city of New York, the centre of ultramontanism, has overcome the will of the rest of the State, and forced it into the hands of Kelly and Tilden. The unhappy condition of the metropolis, its intolerable government, its rising and almost ruinous taxation, its enormous debt, the swarms of papal priests and their followers who live on its revenues, the vast outlay for Roman Catholic seminaries, the financial ruin that seems possibly to await it in the future, are strange features in our national life that could never have been looked for; yet it is this unlucky city that, under its ultramontane tyranny, has nearly given a complete victory to the papal faction in the nation. There is, in fact, something almost ludicrous in the condition of the great, intelligent, and wealthy metropolis suffering itself to be governed by strange adventurers and foreign priests—by a class of persons so stupid or so unpatriotic as often to have nearly wrecked the country in which they had found a shelter, and lending its aid to that violent faction at the South whose only aim is to live by the plunder of the industrious North. Our citizens of New York seem to lavish honors upon those who rob them, and admire the dexterity with which they are eased of their surplus gains. Our capitalists, who hire a guard to protect their money vaults from the burglar, are powerless before official thieves. For twenty years New York has been the victim of a Roman Catholic tyranny, and each succeeding lustrum has seen its resources squandered with increasing profligacy, and new throngs of worthless adventurers pressed into its political offices or maintained by its plunder. Its government is notoriously bad; its death rate is higher than that of any other city; its officials are often disreputable; its taxation rises almost to the pitch of confiscation; its revenues are wasted upon Roman Catholic seminaries, protectories, foundling asylums; the foreign Church despoils it in a way that in any European city would produce a revolution or a general confiscation of the papal gains; and its Democratic and German leaders, closely linked with the ultramontane politicians—with a Kelly or a M'Closkey—consent to the tyranny of the Papal Church, and invoke the interference of the foreign priest in American politics.

Several other cities have fallen in a similar way under Roman Catholic influence, and have succeeded in breaking the general union of the Northern States. The vilest districts of New Haven and Hartford have given Connecticut to the Democracy, and the rural districts, by an unusual majority, have won the Legislature for the people. It is doubtful if Connecticut will ever again be suffered by its Protestant population to relapse into the control of the papal voters of the cities. New Jersey, partly by the treachery of several of its Democratic leaders, who have professed an open hostility to the Roman Catholic pretensions and then lent them a secret support, chiefly from the papal influence in its large towns, has also abandoned its opposition to ultramontanism and joined the papal leaders of New York. But New Jersey is thoroughly Protestant, and may yet resolutely take its stand by the side of the great Northwest. Indiana has fallen by a small majority; the activity of the papal priests and the indifference of the unsectarian portion of its population have placed it at the side of Connecticut and New Jersey, beneath the control of the ultramontane chiefs. And thus, by the active labors of the ultramontane faction in a small number of cities, aided by the intense ignorance of its followers and the unpatriotic conduct of a portion of the Germans, the unity of the Northern States in defense of education, union, and liberal reform was broken. In the reports of the Commissioner of Education are given maps, on which a dark shade is drawn over those districts of the country that are peculiarly illiterate. In each of these districts it will be found that the Democratic and ultramontane candidates were successful.

And when we turn to the Southern States, the lesson of the recent election is still more effective. Shut in by the Mississippi and the Atlantic, the Ohio and the Gulf, a region extends in which men have been suffered for generations to live without education, and from which it was once even excluded by law. Here the few have been accustomed to rule over the many, and the ignorant multitude have learned only to obey. The rebellion changed some things, but left nearly the same ignorance behind it. And here the ultramontane and Democratic leaders have found their only powerful allies. The keen papal politicians saw that here was the chief point of danger to the republic; and here they have labored to rouse anew the bitter spirit of rebellion, to stir up animosity between American citizens, and to rule or to destroy the nation by the aid of the discontented portion of the South. Of the votes secured by Mr. Tilden, one hundred and nineteen came from the South. But it is probable that in not one of these States has a free vote been obtained or an election held that was not tainted by intimidation or fraud. In France, in England, in Italy, such an election would be subjected to a rigid inquiry, each incident carefully tested, and every trait of illegality punished by a rejection of the vote. But here we are asked by Mr. Adams or Mr. Seymour to trust the returns of districts that have never ceased to be rebellious; to believe that Mississippi has recanted its republicanism; that Georgia, where vast counties are disfranchised by force, has held a free election; that the rifle clubs of South Carolina mean no harm; and the massacres of Louisiana and Mississippi were only a pleasant pastime. Our Democratic and papal politicians rush forward to grasp the blood-stained hands of their Southern allies. But the intelligence of the country has condemned them. The eye of posterity will discern their selfish inhumanity. They will be held up to future generations as the persecutors of the helpless, the enemies of the poor.

But the most important lesson of the election of 1876 is the clear light it throws upon the plans of the papal faction. There can be no longer any doubt that the Roman Church is a most successful and adroit political manager, that for a moment it seemed to hold in its hands the destiny of freedom, and that in all future elections it will come forward openly to contest the control of the republic. The clerical party is as plainly defined among us as in France, Belgium, or Italy, Mexico or Brazil. It means every where the same thing, the destruction of popular institutions. No Protestant or unsectarian Democrat can any longer unite with this ultramontane faction without becoming a part of a ruthless crusade against American institutions and progress. The Democracy of New York or New Haven is only a faint veil for the aggressive march of Rome. Once more it presses on to plant in the American republic the faded superstitions, the barbarous institutions, the avaricious greed of land and money, which it has exhibited in every European state, and which has every where brought upon it a general confiscation. The American people are forced to decide whether this system shall be introduced among us. The clerical ultramontanes already hold New York and New Haven, Cincinnati and Savannah, St. Louis and New Orleans. By force or fraud, they still hope to control the Union.

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Sunday,	10.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	17.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Thursday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Sunday,	24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	25.—Christmas.
Tuesday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Wednesday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Thursday,	28.—Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	31.—First Sunday after Christmas.

JANUARY, 1877.

Monday,	1.—Circumcision.
Saturday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	7.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	14.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	21.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Thursday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	28.—Septuagesima Sunday.

There has been an energetic protest made by the religious press against the *Nation's* denial of the competency of Christian ministers to deal with scientific questions. The replies are courteous, though some of them are pointed. The Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, of this city, who was the clergyman criticised, makes an energetic rejoinder. He says: "Why do the men of science insist on coming into the domain of theology? What right had Mr. Huxley to sneer as he did at the Hebrew Scriptures, if we clergymen must not peep or mutter in reply? Is he to be allowed to class, as he has done in one of his lay sermons, the cosmogony of Genesis with the myths of paganism, while we, to whom on other grounds and for other reasons these books are valued, are to sit silent and submissive?..... Let our contemporary be accurate when he next presumes to censure. He alleges that there is hardly one of the clergy who, since Huxley's lectures, has not preached a sermon bearing on the matter in some way. We believe we might number on the fingers of one hand the clergy of this city who have thought it worth while to do any thing of the kind." There are too many examples of clergymen who have attained eminence in science, to justify a universal denial of their competency as scientific investigators. A clergyman who has given sufficient attention to the questions now at issue is as competent to handle them as any one else. Besides, Professor Huxley lectured on evolution in this city before a mixed audience. He addressed his audience as a lawyer addresses a jury. He certainly did not at one and the same time present his facts and deny the competency of his hearers to judge of the facts. Why should clergymen be placed lower in the scale of intelligence than a miscellaneous audience?

Tweed's stable and club-house in the city have been put to a good use. The property was purchased a few years since by a German Methodist, the Rev. C. Blinn. The building was demolished, and on the site a German Methodist church was erected. Mr. Blinn paid the whole cost—$40,000. Curiously enough, this place of worship was dedicated on November 19, a few days before the arrival of Tweed as a captured fugitive on board the United States ship of war *Franklin*.

On the 12th of November the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his installation. The reminiscences of which his anniversary sermon was full were exceedingly interesting. Of the one hundred members who welcomed him to his pulpit, not more than twenty are now living. During this pastorate 1600 persons have united with the church, 900 of them on profession of faith. There are now 800 members. Brooklyn has in this period grown from a city of 60,000 inhabitants to a population of half a million. Dr. Storrs's outlook upon the future was very hopeful: "We hear of the stubbornness of the world against receiving the Gospel; but when I look back and see that no power has been permitted to remain which has set itself against it, when I consider its spread among the nations of the earth—the African, the Indian, the Japanese, all touched by its power celestial—I know that its power is adequate to convert the whole earth."

The Rev. Llewellyn D. Bevan has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Brick Presbyterian Church of this city. He will sail from England December 2. Mr. Bevan was once the associate pastor of Dr. Binney, the famous Nonconformist minister, of London. Subsequently he was called to the Tottenham-Court Road Chapel, where his success has been very great. Here, finding very few worshipers, he has built up a congregation of nearly 2000 persons. A debt of £7000 has been greatly reduced. Mr. Bevan has also been Professor of English Language and Literature in New College, and a member of the London School Board. He is described in the *Christian Globe*, of London, as having "an agreeable presence, a magnificent voice, a cheerful, buoyant temperament, and profound good nature."

The papers and discussions of the Protestant Episcopal Church Congress, which began in Boston November 14, were very practical. Bishop Huntington preached the opening sermon; Bishop Paddock presided. The Rev. Dr. Osgood read a paper on "Art in Christianity;" the Rev. John Cotton Smith one on "Foreign Missions." On the "Relations of the Protestant Episcopal Church to Freedom of Religious Thought," the Rev. Drs. De Koven and Washburn were the essayists. The Rev. Dr. Harwood, of New Haven, read an essay on the "Morals of Politics." Most interesting was the debate on the "Prevention and Cure of Drunkenness," which was quite protracted. The discussion of "Revivals and Christian Nurture" brought out clergymen of such opposite views as Bishop Doane, of Albany, and Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia. The former favored the confessional; the latter approved revivals and the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. In this position he was sustained by the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York, and the Rev. Philips Brooks, of Boston. In the discussion of the "Freedom of Religious Thought," an expression of opinion that, in time, the Thirty-nine Articles might be laid aside, was received with some favor. The sessions of the Congress were numerously attended.

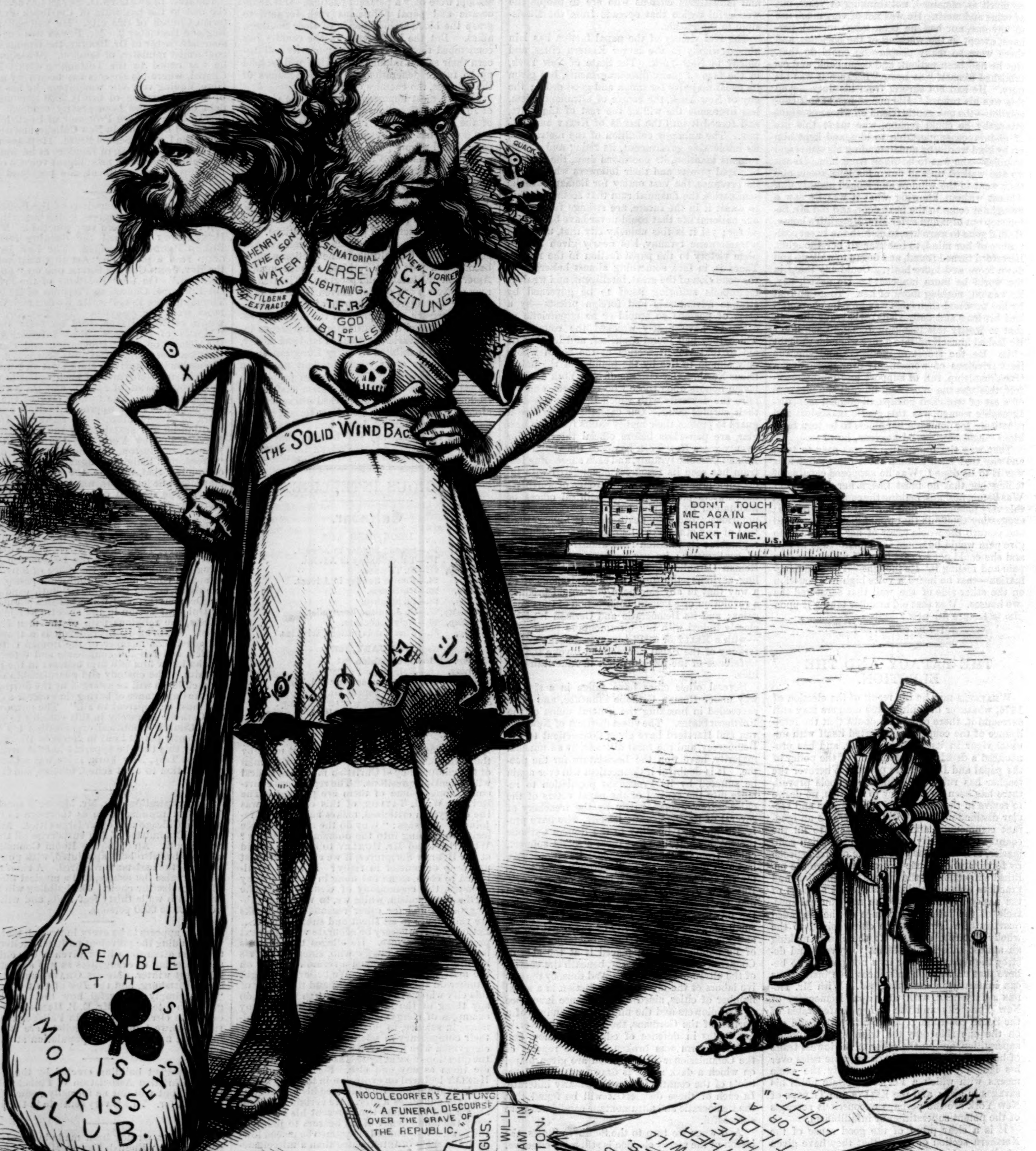
Public attention has been called to the fact that the Catholic vote was, in the city of Brooklyn, organized *as a Catholic vote*, and with success. Two members of the Democratic party being in nomination for the office of Surrogate, an appeal containing the following passage was circulated among Catholics: "Both candidates are Democratic; and while politics should not control your action in the selection of judicial officers, the religious faith of the men should do so. Walter R. Livingston is a thorough and consistent member of the Roman Catholic Church, and has the confidence and esteem of all who know him as a firm believer in the Romish faith. The custody and guardianship of orphan children will be awarded by the Surrogate, and the importance of having that officer a Catholic must be apparent to all." The purpose of the Catholic hierarchy in this country to make their Church a political organization has been persistently pointed out in *Harper's Weekly*, and must by this time be apparent to all Americans. In West Troy, New York, there was a Catholic combination to elect school officers, and it succeeded.

The preparations for Mr. Moody's meetings in Boston promise to be as thorough as those made in Chicago and other large cities. An Executive Committee of five surpervise all the arrangements. An "Inquiry-Room Committee" of seven has also been appointed, with power to select all the assistants required. A chief usher will organize the ushers, and a musical director will organize the choir. The building will be of brick, with walls thirty feet high, and will seat from 5000 to 6000 persons.

There appears to be every indication that, notwithstanding the prevalent political excitement, the same attention will be given in our cities to the preaching of evangelists as was accorded to them last winter. Messrs. Graves and Leland are in Pittsburg, and the *Post* of that city says, "It is simply wonderful how their work has grown in interest." Mr. E. P. Hammond reaches a wide circle of hearers in Philadelphia. In the Northwest other evangelists are interesting large numbers of the population at various points.

The elegant building erected by the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia is finished, but will not be formally dedicated till it is paid for. This is very sensible in the young men.

Notice has already been made in this Intelligence of the "English Flower Mission" for the sick poor, and its rapid spread in the chief cities of the United Kingdom. The idea originated in this country, but its development in England has either been more rapid or has attracted more public attention than with us. Among the English cities Hull has become pre-eminent for a thorough distribution of flowers among the sick. In 1875, 20,594 bunches of flowers, grasses, and fruit were disbursed in this one city. There is a central station where contributions are received; "village baskets" are deposited at well-known points in suburban villages for the convenience of contributors, are dispatched to the central station, and duly returned. Supply and distribution are thus arranged in a systematic way. Flower missions have also been established in Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Leeds, and London.


HENRY THE SON OF WATER K.
TILDENS EXTRACTS
SENATORIAL JERSEY LIGHTNING. T.F.R.
GOD OF BATTLES
NEW-YORKER GAS ZEITUNG.
QUACK
THE "SOLID" WIND BAG
DON'T TOUCH ME AGAIN — SHORT WORK NEXT TIME. U.S.
TREMBLE THIS IS MORRISSEY'S CLUB.
NOODLEDORFER'S ZEITUNG. ..."A FUNERAL DISCOURSE OVER THE GRAVE OF THE REPUBLIC."
LOUISVILLE WATTER-SPOUT. "NOT ELECT TILDEN, THIS IS ANARCHY, IT IS REVOLUTION."
"BRISTLING BAYONETS" DOGS OF WAR FILTHY MILITARY DESPOTISM
ALBANY ARGUS. "BAYONETS WILL AGAIN GLEAM IN WASHINGTON."
THE BULLDOZER
N.Y. HERALD. "WHAT DOES THE EXPRESS MEAN?"
"ST. LOUIS TIMES." WE WILL EITHER HAVE TILDEN, OR A FIGHT."
THE EXPRESS. BLUSTERING
Th. Nast.

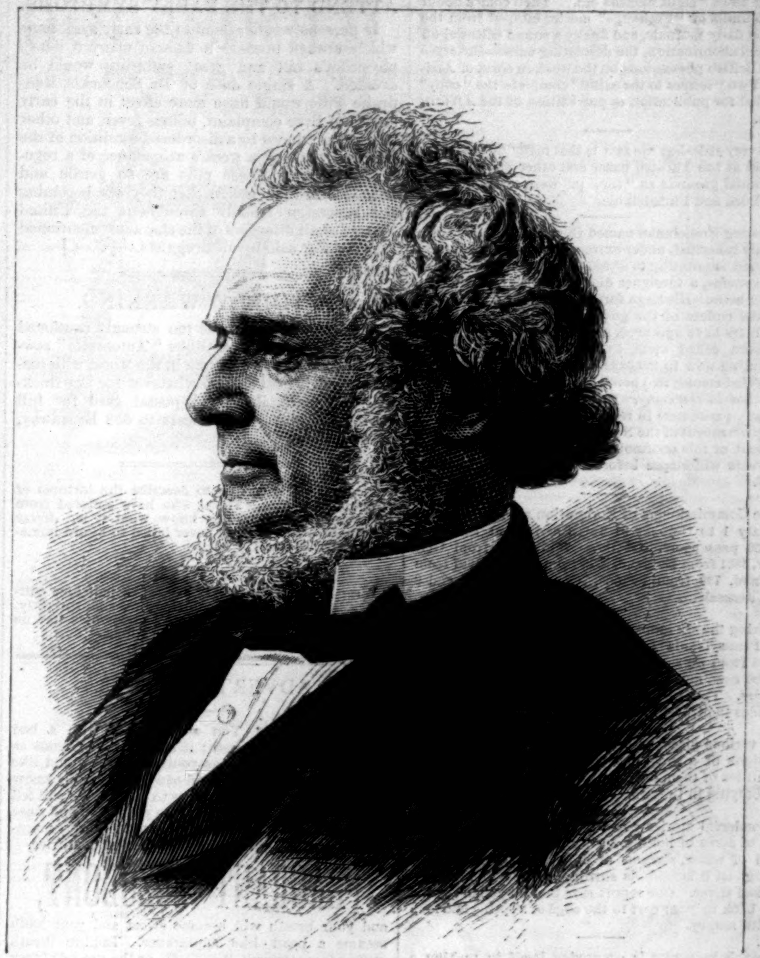
"THE INDIFFERENCE" OF UNCLE SAM.

GIANT BLUSTER. "Fe! Fi!! Fo!!! Fum!!!! I smell ——"
UNCLE SAM. "Oh, give us a rest!"

COLONEL RICHARD M. HOE.

THE name of Colonel RICHARD M. HOE is inseparably connected with the development of the printing-press in this country. Nothing could be more instructive and profitable than to sketch the personal history of Colonel HOE from his early life as an apprentice in the establishment his father founded, and which has been brought to its present large proportions by the concern of which he is the senior partner; but it is now our purpose to notice only the results of his labors and those of his house as shown by the printing-machines to be seen in Machinery Hall, at the Centennial Exhibition. Here we have the latest improvements made by R. HOE & Co. in every department of printing. There are in all seven or eight different descriptions of presses, each exhibiting a knowledge of mechanics and a practical adaptation to the requirements of the printing business carried out with a skill and excellence of execution altogether unequaled.

The invention by Colonel HOE of the Rotary or Lightning Press has made his name a familiar one all over the civilized world. This Rotary Press has now been in a measure superseded by the "Web Printing Machine," as it is called, the joint production of Colonel HOE and one of his partners, Mr. S. D. TUCKER. It was possible for a Lightning Press of the largest size—ten cylinders—to print 20,000 impressions an hour, but only upon one side of the sheet. An obvious method of increasing the speed of production was to devise a press which should print the sheet upon both sides. The solution of this problem was surrounded with difficulties the magnitude of which can only be appreciated by a practical mechanic. Human skill could not pass beyond a certain point in "feeding" single sheets to the press, and a still greater difficulty was encountered in providing for the delivery of the printed sheets. After twenty years of persevering effort and extensive experiment, Colonel HOE and his able colaborer Mr. TUCKER have overcome these apparently insurmountable obstacles by a combination of the most ingenious devices. In the first place, the "feed" has been disposed of once and for all, it would seem. Instead of single sheets, a roll of paper reeled off by machinery is used. This roll is in a continuous sheet four and a half miles long, and runs through the machine at the rate of 750 feet per minute or more, passing between one type cylinder and its impression cylinder to print one side, and then between a second pair to print the other side. Colonel HOE has met the delivery difficulty by two means. It was found impossible to fly papers as fast as printed, and so an *accumulator* has been devised, which keeps the sheets on a roller till six have gathered, and then releases them, so that the flyer carries down six at a time on to the table. The other means of delivery is the most recent and perfect, and crowns the whole. The papers, being divided from the sheet, are led into an apparatus which folds them up into shape for the carriers. The machine prints on both sides 15,000 per hour of a large paper, such as the eight-page *Tribune* or *Herald*, or double that number of a four-page paper, such as the Philadelphia *Times*, on which it was employed in the Machinery Hall of the Centennial Exhibition. In the latter case two sets of forms were used, and the papers were twice folded, and delivered on four tables. Another machine, similar to it except that it delivers the printed papers flat with equal swiftness without folding, was also exhibited in operation at the Fair.

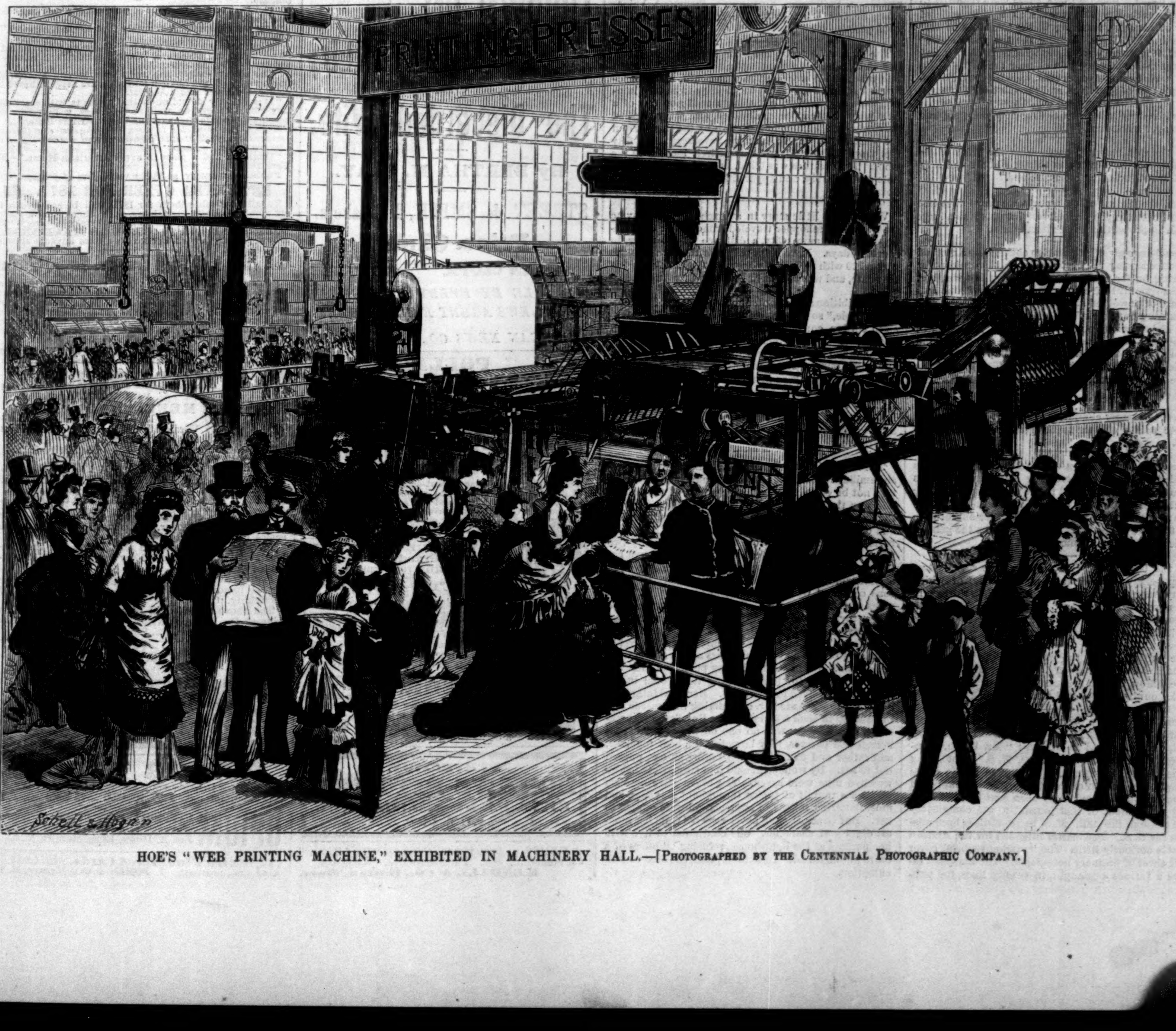


COLONEL RICHARD M. HOE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.]

The whole apparatus is set in a massive but low frame, so as to be under the eye of the pressman. The roll of paper is suspended upon an axis over the first pair of rollers, one of which carries the curved electrotype plates which constitute the form, the other being the impression cylinder. As the paper passes between these it is printed on one side, and then passes between a second type cylinder and its opposite impression cylinder. The latter is below its type cylinder, and is of much larger size, so that the *set-off* from the fresh ink shall not fall continuously on the same surface of blanket.

Twenty-three of these presses are now in actual and completely successful operation. Of this number, nine are in use in different newspaper offices in this country. Twelve are running in four newspaper offices in Great Britain—the London *Telegraph*, the London *Standard*, *Lloyd's Weekly* (London), the Glasgow *Herald*—and two are in use in Australia. It is hard to conceive of any advance beyond this "Web Printing Machine" in the special purpose for which it is designed. To one who watches the completely printed sheets delivered faster than the eye can follow them, greater rapidity of execution seems beyond the limits of possibility; while the machine itself, in compactness, solidity, strength, and absolute mechanical perfection, appears to be the embodiment of human skill and ingenuity.

It is not often that an inventor can point to two such marvelous machines as this Rotary Press and the Web Printing Machine—each one so distinct in itself, and each such an immense advance upon every thing that had preceded it—as the result of the thought and labor of a single lifetime. That Colonel HOE and his house should have achieved this is sufficient pledge that for the future the honor and reputation of American inventors in this line of human ingenuity are safe in their keeping, especially as Colonel HOE's powers are now at their full vigor. He has just completed his sixty-fourth year, but is as vigilant as ever in the supervision of the operations of the large works of his firm in this city, as well as in the direction of its manufactory in London. Without entering upon the particulars of Colonel HOE's business life, a single fact may be stated as illustrative of the liberal and enlightened spirit with which he treats those in his employment. Nearly twenty years ago Colonel HOE established an evening school for the apprentices in the manufactory of the concern, where free instruction was given in those branches of study likely to be of the most practical service in properly developing their minds. For years he gave this school his personal supervision, and he still practically retains direction of it, while its details have naturally passed into other hands. It is impossible to estimate the influence which such a school may have had in developing that skill without which the production of such marvelously perfect specimens of mechanical ingenuity as this "Web Printing Machine" would be impossible. At least it is a very happy practical application in a special direction of the legend over an institution in England: "The diffusion of knowledge among the working classes—it makes the man a better mechanic, and the mechanic a better man."



HOE'S "WEB PRINTING MACHINE," EXHIBITED IN MACHINERY HALL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The week following the close of the Centennial Exhibition witnessed curious changes on the grounds which for six months had been the scene of a magnificent show. The buildings were still open to visitors for the special purpose of delivering articles that had been sold, and of affording exhibitors an opportunity to dispose of remaining goods which were for sale. But the process of disintegration promptly commenced. The very next day after the formal close of the Exhibition the crowd of more than 15,000 visitors heard the din of saws and hammers in the Main Building, and found themselves barred out of several of the departments. The Japanese had protected their beautiful goods by a high fence, the Danes had closed their gates, Russia had stretched a barrier of ropes, Switzerland had built a fence, and the boxing of goods was going on in a general way all around. The Government Building was practically closed to visitors, Machinery Hall presented a dismantled appearance, Agricultural Hall was filled with dust and din, and most of the State buildings were closed. But in the Art Building some comfortable sight-seeing went on, and the restaurants were open and eager for calls. The various bazars still showed their goods, and one could purchase souvenirs of the Centennial at half the price asked during the regular session of the Exhibition. In the American department of the Main Building most of the exhibits were kept displayed, owing to the fact that they were intended for the permanent exhibition. But taking the Exhibition grounds as a whole, one week after their formal closing, they presented a desolate appearance.

The "Ocean Parkway," in Brooklyn, has recently been thrown open its entire length to the public. It extends from the Boulevard gate of Prospect Park a distance of six miles toward Coney Island. Its entire width is 210 feet. There is a central drive and two side drives, and a central walk and two side walks. Six rows of trees are planted along the borders of the walks. The road-beds are of gravel; and this drive to the beach will be surpassingly fine.

The annual catalogue of Yale College gives the number of students as follows: Theological students, 95; law, 60; medical, 36; graduate students, 67; special students, 2; under-graduate academical students, 569; Sheffield scientific students, 206; art students, 16; total in the university, 1021. Ten students are pursuing a post-graduate course in the law school for the new degree of M.L. This special course of study was inaugurated this year. For the first time the names of young lady students in the art school have been printed in a Yale College catalogue. For quite a number of years back the privileges of instruction in this department have been thrown open to young ladies.

Statistics in regard to marine disasters are startling. The number of vessels, both American and British, which are annually lost is frightful. During the year 1875, 1052 American vessels suffered disaster on our shores, besides eighty-five foreign vessels, giving a total of 1137. Of this number, 477 collided; and 209 casualties arose directly from carelessness or ignorance; 312 were wrecked, causing the loss of an immense amount of property and 888 lives. In 1873-74 there were reported to the British Board of Trade 150 vessels not heard from after sailing or being spoken at sea. They are all supposed to have been lost, with the 2381 persons on board. Besides these, there were reported to the same authority 6084 vessels as having suffered wreck or casualty, resulting in the total loss of 1411 vessels and 6817 lives. During the ten years ending June 30, 1874, there were 22,098 wrecks, collisions, and other casualties of vessels on or near the British Isles alone. Over twenty-five per cent. were total wrecks, involving a loss of 8200 lives, and the value of $90,000,000 in property. Nine hundred and twenty-three of the vessels lost were known to be over fifty years old, and twelve over a hundred.

The time occupied in performing the *Ring of the Nibelungen* at Bayreuth was thirteen hours and fifty minutes, not including intermissions.

From the Patent-office reports we learn that last year Connecticut people took out 706 patents—a large number in proportion to her inhabitants.

An exchange gives information concerning a method in practice among the best English butter-makers for rendering butter firm and solid during hot weather. One tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda and one tea-spoonful of powdered alum are mixed, and at the time of churning put into such a quantity of cream as will make about twenty pounds of butter. The effect of this powder is to cause the butter to come firm and solid and sweet-flavored. Its action is upon the cream, and passes off with the buttermilk. The ingredients of the powder should not be mixed until the time when it is used.

There is a paper church near Berlin. It will accommodate nearly one thousand persons, and is water-proof.

The work of Mr. Eades on the Mississippi jetties is regarded with great interest by engineers. Various opinions are held in regard to the final success. Many fear that deepening the channel where the jetties are made may only carry the sediment further out into the Gulf to make a new bar. In New Orleans the general public are sanguine of success.

At the beginning of 1876 there were seventy-two newspapers published at Constantinople, of which twenty were in French, sixteen in Turkish, thirteen in Armenian, twelve in Greek, four in Bulgarian, two in Hebrew and Spanish, and one each in Persian, German, Arabic, English, and Italian.

The cultivation of the basket willow might be a profitable American industry. No less than two-thirds of the willow used in the manufacture of willow-ware in this country is imported from Europe.

Some weeks ago a package was received at the office of the New York *Times*, postmarked London, England, and addressed as follows: "Mr. Finch, Compositors' Department, *Af. Times*, M. S." Not being claimed, it was examined, and found to be the entire "copy" of an edition of the *African Times*, published in London, and had evidently been sent from the editorial department of that journal to the composing-room through the mail. *M. S.* had doubtless been mistaken for *U. S.* The matter intended for the *African Times* is curiously little. The "market reports" cover a half sheet of ordinary note-paper. The *Standard* receives a furious onslaught, in twenty lines, for publishing news "eight months old." Then comes about two columns of "exchange" matter clipped from the London daily journals, and finally a sound editorial on "the old abomination, the desolating curse—slavery—in the British possessions on the western coast of Africa." Two "letters to the editor" complete the "copy" intended for publication in one edition of the *African Times*.

It is very sad—but the fact is that many of the trinkets sold at the Turkish bazar and other places on the Centennial grounds as "foreign" were really made in New York and Philadelphia.

A young Frenchman named Gorges Martinengo has recently inherited, under extraordinary circumstances, a fortune amounting to 80,000,000 francs. Many years ago, it seems, a foreigner died in Holland, leaving no known heirs. His large fortune eventually was swept into the coffers of the government. Recently, however, heirs have appeared, and the Dutch government has been called upon to deliver up the treasure, amounting now to 159,322,800 francs. This sum is to be divided among two heirs, one residing at Marseilles, the other in Germany. But foreign journals do not give any particulars in regard to the latter individual. The government of the Netherlands will commence the payment of this enormous sum at once, but it is said ten years will elapse before the whole debt is liquidated.

The Commissioners of Emigration report that from January 1 to October 31 there arrived at this port 103,550 passengers. Of these 7613 came from Germany, 4531 from England, 3973 from Ireland, 1387 from Scotland, 799 from France, 708 from Sweden, and 2 from Jerusalem.

During the six months of the Centennial Exhibition the Pennsylvania Railroad Company started 22,917 trains from Jersey City alone, westward, made up of 127,080 cars, and carrying not less than 7,500,000 passengers. This includes no way-passengers, and only includes the travel in one direction.

In various places on the Atlantic coast there are indications of a great mortality among fishes. Great quantities of them have been washed up on shore, and lie decaying in the sun.

Wonderful stories come from Wasco County, Oregon, of acres of boiling springs, from which flow, instead of water, streams of chloride of silver. Each spring—so it is said—is surrounded by a rim of crystallized silver. One report says that all you have todo is to back up your cart to the edge of a spring and load it with money.

French ingenuity is occupying itself in making a perfume from peach leaves, which promises to be delicious.

At a certain Normal College the young ladies who are candidates for graduation are obliged, before receiving a diploma, to spell correctly the following list of words: Anomalous, analogous, banditti, bigoted, capillary, chloroform, crystallize, desecrated, ecstasy, edible, embarrassment, farinaceous, glycerine, hemorrhage, impaneled, lachrymal, liquefy, marauder, murrain, nutricious, Olympian, pharmaceutical, pleurisy, sacerdotal, sarsaparilla, tortoise, vitreous, vicissitude, zephyr, Zouave, bacchanal, Bucephalus, Cynthia, Mozambique, Philippine, Portuguese, Piedmont, Valparaiso, Yenisei, Cincinnati. We commend the list as good practice for any body.

The Acton (Ontario) toad has become celebrated. His history has been circulated all over the country in this wise: Some workmen in a saw-mill, while handling a huge pine log which was being sawed into lumber, were surprised to see a large toad pop out of a hole where he had been imbedded, and where he had narrowly escaped being cut in two by the saw. From his position on the tree, he must have been about fifty feet from the ground, and was entirely incased in the wood. The creature was blind, but crawled out of the hole quite nimbly, and apparently rejoiced in his freedom.

We find this little story in an exchange. It may be true. "A grasshopper traveled from Custer City, Nebraska, to Fillmore City, a distance of 500 miles, in fourteen days. It was started from the former place August 10 with a piece of paper about its neck bearing that date, and was caught in Fillmore City August 24."

On exhibition at the Centennial was a copy of "Cromwell's Bible," so called because he published a small-sized edition, convenient for soldiers to carry in their knapsacks. It is five inches long, four and a half wide, and one and three-quarters thick, weighs only eight and a half ounces, and is the property of the American Bible Society. It was printed in 1653 by John Field, printer to Parliament. There are but three other copies, it is said, in this country, one of which is in the Boston Athenæum, another in the Harvard University library, and a third in the library of the late George Livermore.

The name of Grace Darling is familiar to every one—so familiar that the *details* of her simple and noble life may not be often recalled to the minds of the young. She was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of the Longstone Light-house, on one of the most rocky and exposed of the Farne Islands, lying off Northumberland, on the English coast. She was twenty-two years old when the incident occurred which gave her the name of heroine. On the 6th of September, 1838, amidst wind and storm, a vessel with sixty-three persons on board was wrecked upon one of the fearful crags of the Farne group. The vessel was utterly unseaworthy, and the majority of those on board found a watery grave. But at daybreak next morning, by means of a glass, nine poor creatures were discovered clinging to rocks and broken spars nearly a mile from Longstone. When Grace Darling perceived their imminent danger—for the returning tide would ingulf them—she resolved to save them. Her aged father endeavored to dissuade her, considering that rescue was impossible in such a furious sea. But Grace was resolute, and as there was no one on the island except herself and parents, they launched the boat together, and father and daughter, each taking an oar, pushed out to sea. By wonderful skill and strength the shipwrecked nine were saved. The brave girl's heroism aroused a tumult of praise throughout England, and most flattering tokens of appreciation were offered to her. But Grace Darling never swerved from her modest dignity of character. She continued to live with her parents at the light-house, refusing all offers of a more public career. In October, 1842, she died of consumption.

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If persons would attend to the early symptoms which always precede a disease many a heavy physician's bill and great suffering would be avoided. A single dose of Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills would have more effect in the early stages of liver complaint, bilious fever, and other diseases produced by a disordered condition of the stomach than by a week's attendance of a regular physician. These pills are so gentle and harmless in their action that they are becoming the sovereign remedy throughout the United States for all disorders of the character mentioned above. For sale by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

A TIMELY WARNING.

The public can not be too strongly cautioned that the new Wilcox & Gibbs "Automatic" sewing-machine is the only one in the world with tension requiring no change whatever for any thickness of material. Send postal card for full particulars and list of officers to 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

Asthma.—It is useless to describe the tortures of spasmodic asthma. Those who have suffered from its distressing paroxysms know what it is. Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy has never failed to afford immediate relief.—[*Com.*]

Wide-Awake Youth's Paper.—For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly, entertaining reading, the *Youth's Companion* has no superior among the Youth's publications.—[*Com.*]

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FRAGRANT SOZODONT,

and your breath will become sweet and your teeth assume a pearl-like appearance. Impure breath arising from Catarrh, Bad Teeth, or the use of Liquor or Tobacco, is completely neutralized by the daily use of Sozodont. Sold by Druggists.

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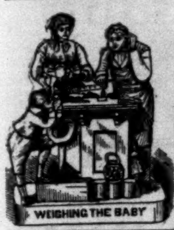

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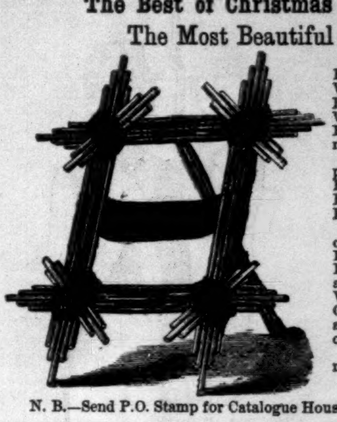

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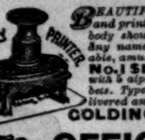

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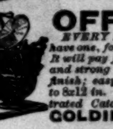

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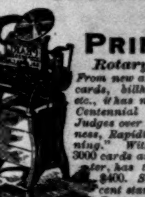

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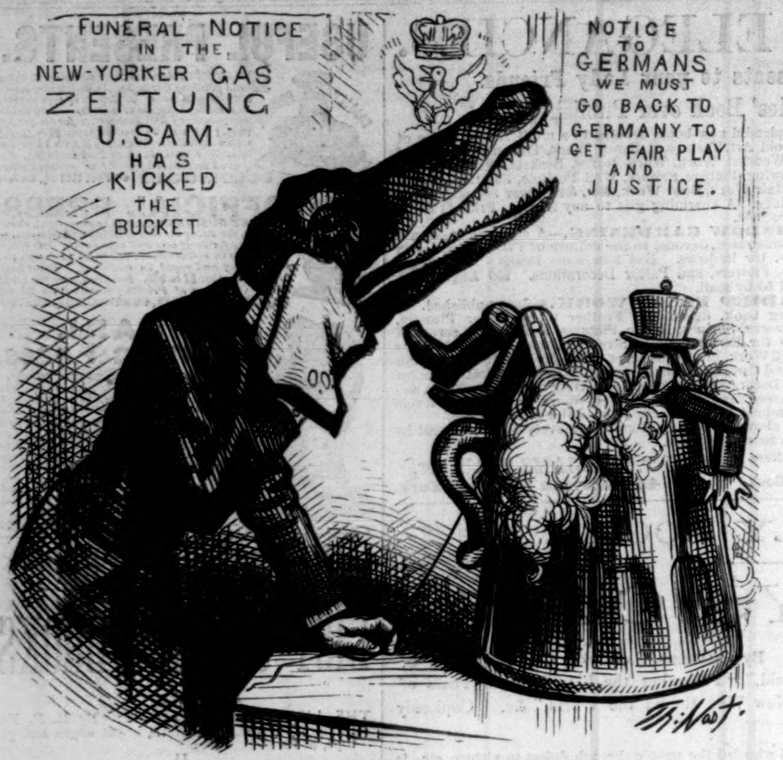
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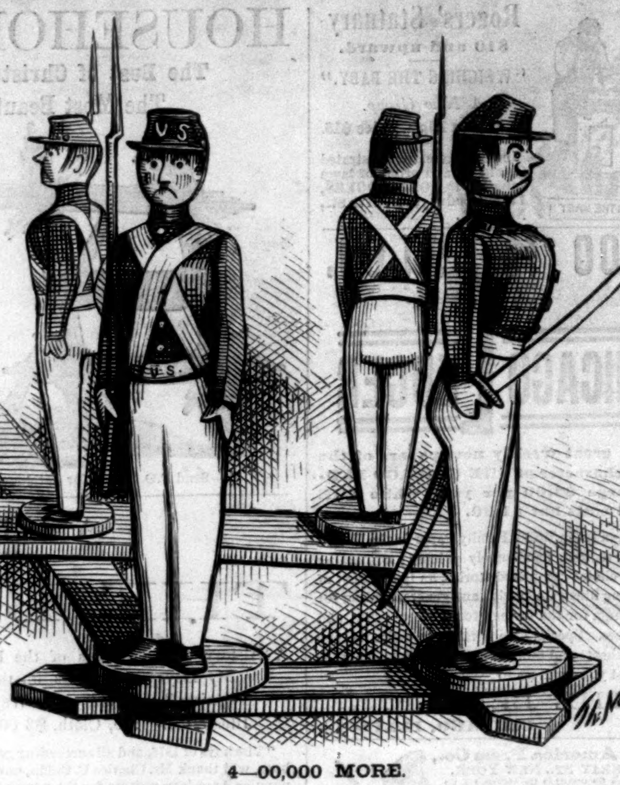

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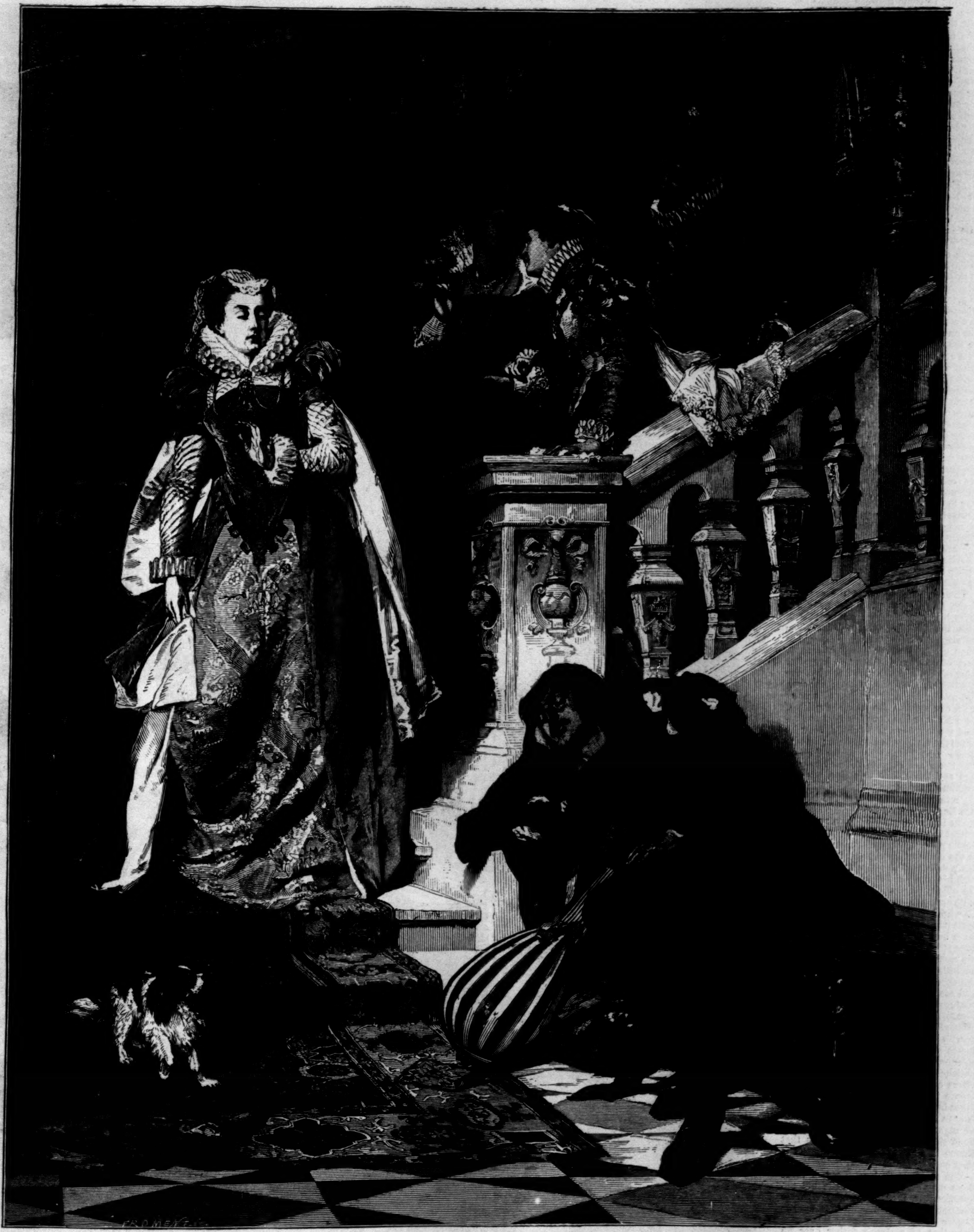


"MARY STUART'S FIRST MEETING WITH RIZZIO."—[From a Painting by David Neal.]

"MARY STUART AND RIZZIO."

The historical event which suggested the painting from which the above engraving has been made is without question familiar to all our readers; yet it is probable that few save the close students of English history have ever observed the immense influence that was wielded over the life of the Scottish queen by the Italian adventurer, or to what an extent her tragic fate was the result of his machinations. Rizzio is commonly regarded as the lover of Mary Stuart, who expiated his crime almost at the feet of his royal mistress, murdered by the dagger of an enraged husband. Yet, according to the latest historical authorities, this view of the matter is proved to be false, and Rizzio appears before us no longer as a sentimental musician enamored of a beautiful queen, but as a secret emissary from the papal court at Rome.

It was on the 19th of August, 1561, amidst "the thickest mist and most drenching rain-men remembered ever to have seen," that Mary Stuart landed on the shore of Scotland. It was a turbulent kingdom to which she had come; but one that, nevertheless, accorded her a cordial welcome. Her reign began auspiciously. The Reformation claimed to have received the sanction of the Scottish Parliament, and if Mary did not formally acknowledge the claim, she was at least content to leave affairs as she found them, stipulating only for liberty to use her own religion. It is certain that she surrounded herself with Protestant advisers, her chief minister being her illegitimate brother, James Stuart, whom she soon afterward created Earl of Murray, an able, even though ambitious, minister. So the nation rests in tolerable peace, trusting in Murray rather than in Mary, and suffering her mass, though always under protest, so long as she suffers herself to be guided by his counsels.

But of this kind of compromise the Catholic Church soon became impatient. And although there was no papal legate at the court of Edinburgh, Rome did not lack for envoys; and, according to our most trustworthy historians, the chief among these was the Italian, David Rizzio. "There is now no doubt whatever," says Mr. Mackenzie, "that he was a papal agent in the pay and confidence of the Vatican, and in constant correspondence with his employers on the banks of the Tiber."

Rizzio first appeared at the court of Scotland in company with the embassador from Savoy, and represented himself simply as a musician. His abilities and faithfulness soon won him promotion at the hands of Mary Stuart. At first he receives the office of *valet de chambre*, and afterward becomes her private secretary. In this position he conducts all her private and secret correspondence, and becomes eventually the power behind the throne greater even than the throne itself, usurping at last the very government. Finally there becomes an outer and an inner court. James, Earl of Murray, is, indeed, the queen's Prime Minister, but this unknown adventurer from Piedmont is virtually her Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and also her most confidential adviser.

Rizzio's first task is to secure the dismissal of the Earl of Murray—not an easy one, truly, but fully within the power of his intriguing art. Who so fitting to come between brother and sister as a husband? Queen **Mary** shall be married: it is time she laid aside her widow's weeds. And who so fitting to become her husband as Lord **Darnley**, the only person who, upon the death of Queen **Elizabeth**, can rival **Mary**'s claim to the throne of England. The young couple are brought together; they meet first at Wemyss Castle, by the Firth of Forth. It is apparently a case of "love at first sight." "He is the handsomest and best-proportioned long man," says **Mary**, "I have ever seen."

Every thing now goes forward as **Rizzio** and the papal court would have it. The Protestant interest takes fire, for **Darnley** is a Catholic. The excitement is not less furious in England than in Scotland, for the nation has little hope now that Queen **Elizabeth** will ever take a husband, and in absence of her heirs, the throne of the united kingdom will fall into the hands of this Catholic couple. Lord **Murray** sees the end of all this from the beginning. Neither **Mary**'s tears nor her threats—and she uses both with a woman's consummate skill—can wring from him an approval of the marriage. But, on the other hand, all his earnest protests are powerless to hinder it. Opposition only adds fuel to the flame. And **Rizzio** is at her side to remove every obstacle and clear the way. It was **Rizzio** who arranged for the first meeting between **Mary** and **Darnley**, and it is he who affects such a liking for the young lord that he actually secures permission to share his bed with him. He also undertakes to secure the Pope's dispensation, for **Mary** and **Darnley** are cousins. While negotiations are still pending, and the envoy is on his way to the court of Rome, **Rizzio** fits up a private room in the palace, where the marriage ceremony is clandestinely performed; for the papal benediction, it appears, is needed not to hallow the marriage tie, but only to give it respectability before the public. Thus **Rizzio** has not exceeded his instructions.

There are no delays at the court of Rome. As fast as wind and wave can carry him, the messenger comes back with the promised dispensation. The marriage is repeated in public; but when the herald proclaims that **Henry**, Earl of Ross and Albany, is hereafter King of Scotland, the crowd receives the proclamation in sullen silence; not even the money liberally distributed among them can awaken the least enthusiasm. Lord **Murray** has done his best to prevent the marriage, and failed. Now he raises the standard of rebellion; but he is no match for the crafty Italian. The Scots are slow to follow him, foreign assistance fails to arrive, and the autumn of the same year finds him and his retainers fleeing across the border into England.

The Italian singer is no longer a power behind the throne: he sits upon it. The public paper and public coins are issued in the name of **Henry** and **Mary**; then the public seal is given to **Rizzio**, and with his own hand he signs and stamps the official papers for the king. There is no access to **Mary** but through **Rizzio**; he who would gain the ear of the one must buy the favor of the other. Honor after honor is heaped upon him. The poor strolling minstrel outvies in wealth the richest noble of hereditary rank and hereditary estates. It is no secret that the excellent **Murray** is to be attainted, and his lands given to this Italian adventurer. In the mean while **Rizzio**'s demeanor undergoes a change: he who cringed in his poverty bears his prosperity with intolerable haughtiness. He rebukes the queen herself with sharp insolence, and she bears it with greater patience than do her nobles. Wise advisers counsel him to be cautious; but, secure in his royal mistress's favor, he takes but little notice of the advice. He is even frequently closeted with her late at night. The king, on the contrary, finds the door barred; he knows that **Rizzio** is admitted, while he himself is shut out.

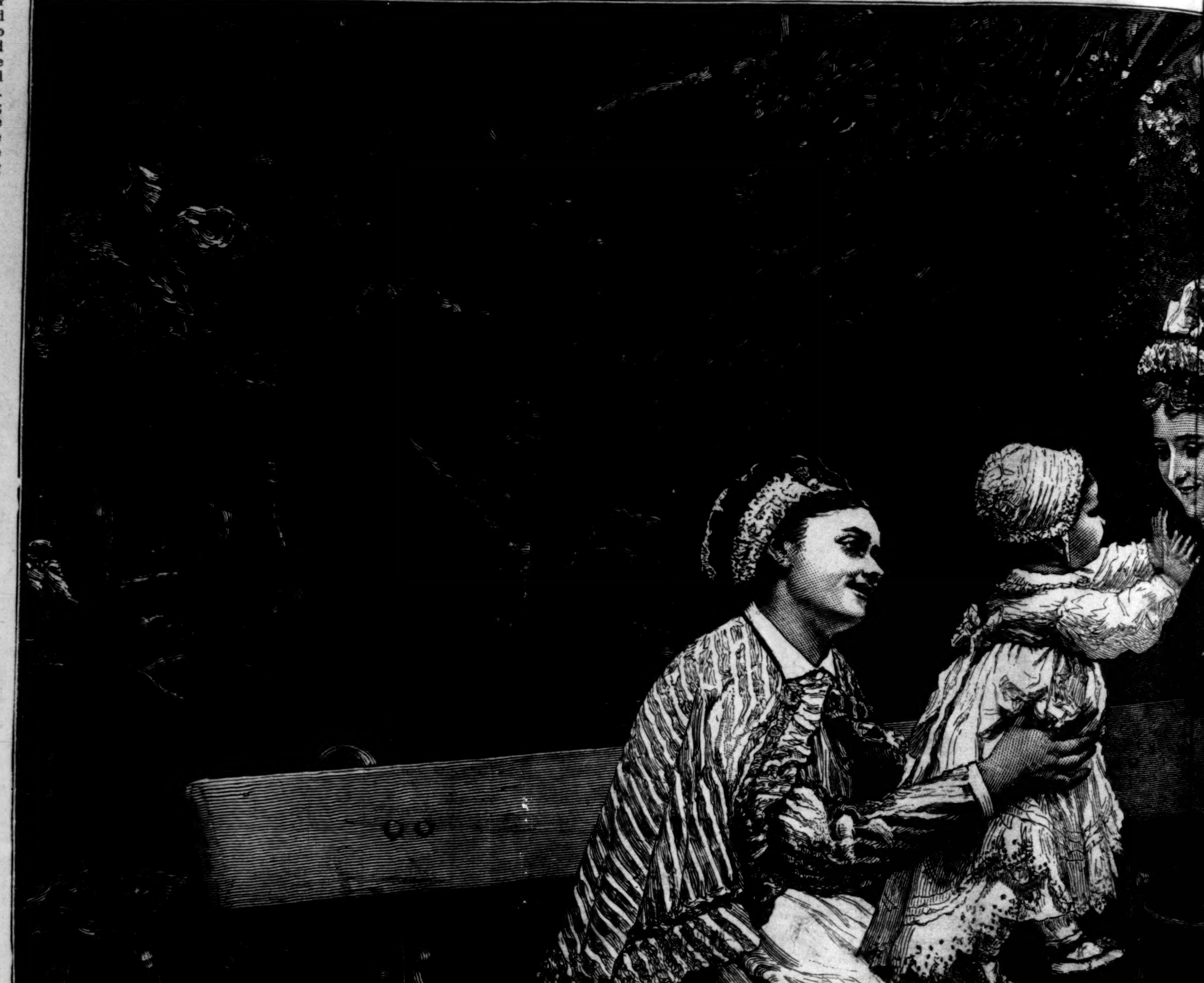
The scandals that grew out of these facts may easily be imagined; but unquestionably they were false. **Rizzio** was not a man to entertain passion or to inspire it. His power over **Mary** was only that of a Jesuit father over an obedient child. To her, **Rizzio** was the Pope in person; he carried the papal benediction with him, and represented the religion under which she had been educated. But the intimacy between them could naturally be used as a pretext for inspiring **Darnley** with furious jealousy; and the opportunity was not lost by intriguing nobles who had resolved, if possible, to put an end to the insolent authority by which they were controlled.

It is Saturday night, March 9, 1566—the last that **Rizzio** is to spend on earth. Queen **Mary** is in her boudoir in the Holyrood Palace. Supper is laid upon the table. Two or three friends are present; among them the Countess of Argyle, sister of **Murray**. **Rizzio** is there, of course. The company are in high glee, and the Italian merriest of them all. The Parliament has been convened, and the Catholic bishops and abbots have taken their seats in it once more. **Mary** has promised to do some good "anent the auld religion," and the first day's work promises well. By her personal presence she has carried on this eventful Saturday the bill for the attainder of **Murray**, despite "great reasoning and opposition." **Murray**'s great estates are ready to drop into **Rizzio**'s outstretched palm. All goes well, and no one dreams of the mine prepared and ready for explosion.

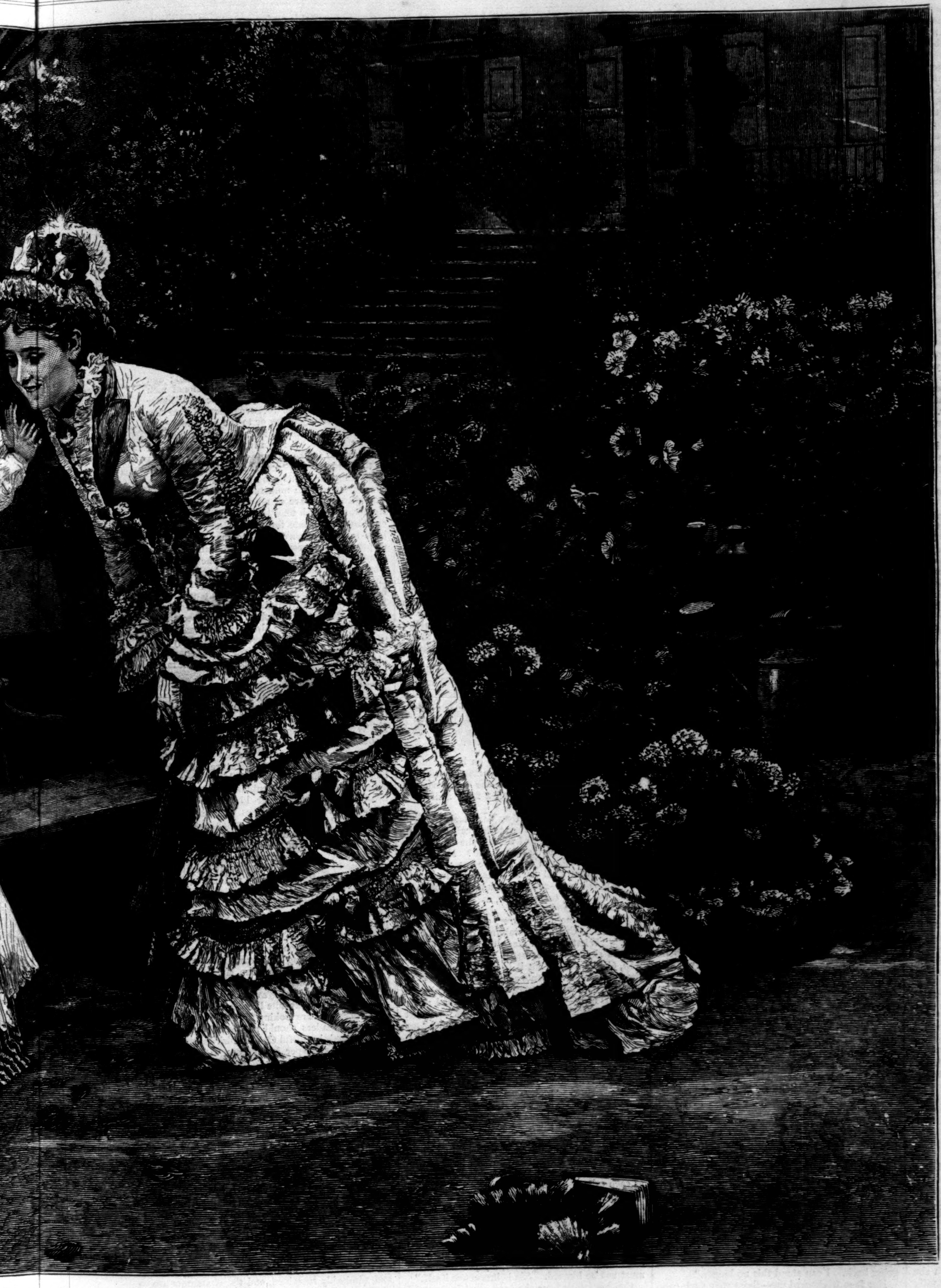
Suddenly **Darnley** enters through a secret door which leads from his own room below—an unexpected and unwelcome visitor. He throws himself by **Mary**'s side, and salutes her with a kiss. At the same time the tapestry is thrown back. It discloses the gaunt and ghostly visage of Lord **Ruthven**. He has risen from a sick-bed to consummate a ghastly crime, and looks more like a ghost than a man. The queen demands the meaning of the intrusion. **Darnley**, awed by her manner, mutters below his breath, "It is nothing." **Ruthven**, unawed, cries to **Rizzio** to come forth. The meaning of his words is unmistakable. The queen, brave but defenseless, springs to her feet and instinctively throws herself before the Italian. The coward **Rizzio** as instinctively casts himself behind her. Her companions, recovering from their astonishment, attack **Ruthven**, and make an attempt to thrust him out. In that moment his confederates appear. The room is filled with armed men. One holds a pistol to **Mary**'s breast. A second seizes the wretched Italian. He clings convulsively to the queen's dress. **Faldonside** bends back his little finger till he shrieks with pain and lets go his hold. **Darnley**, with a coward's courage, only looks on. A rope is flung about **Rizzio**'s body—the rope that had been provided to hang him with. He is dragged from the room, catching hopelessly at **Mary**'s bed as he passes it. His last words are a cry for help borne back from the anteroom. "Madame, madame! save me, save me! Justice [illegible] a
a cry for mercy—"[illegible] ny

It was intended t[illegible] eep
try him, and hang him with
of law. But a disturbance i
below. There is a fear of r
George Douglas has [illegible] tch
from **Darnley**'s sc[illegible] l.
the unhappy Italian [illegible] wi
is from the king." "A mo
whole fierce crew were upo
upon a mangled wolf." The
six wounds were counted upo

The assassins have the gra



"FIRST CARESSES."—[From a



—[FROM A PAINTING BY FIRMIN GIRARD.]

astice a dead man!" Then
cy—"F ny life!"
ended t eep him until morning,
hang him with at least some forms
a disturbance is heard in the court
e is a fear of rescue. In the *mêlée*
LAS has tched the king's dagger
Y's sc l. He plunges it into
Italian with the words, "This
king." "A moment more and the
crew were upon him like hounds
led wolf." The next morning fifty-
ere counted upon his person.
ins have the grace to spill no blood

in the queen's presence. She is slow to believe what she dreads; but she is not the woman to sit and repine when hope is left, and if RIZZIO be living, she has hope of rescue. She sends a maid to ascertain what has become of him. The maid brings back the fearful tidings—he is dead. "I have seen him myself," she says. It was afterward remembered against the unhappy queen that with strange fortitude she dried her eyes, saying, with marvelous calmness, "No more tears; I will think upon a revenge." It was remembered too that in the fever of that terrible moment she uttered the ominous words to her brutal husband: "You have taken your last of me and your farewell. I shall never rest till I give you as sorrowful heart as I have at this present." This murder was the first of the series of tragic events which followed in quick succession until the hour when MARY STUART mounted the steps to the scaffold.

In regard to Mr. NEAL's picture, the objection has been raised that he has made RIZZIO a handsome man with a graceful and refined figure, while history states that he was a mean-looking Italian, though possessing great ability and many accomplishments. But the artist probably had some good reason for this departure from historical verity. Some criticism on other points having been made, our readers will be interested in the following extract from a letter written by the artist to a friend in this country:

> "You will observe by the German criticisms that the same vulgar ideas prevail here as did every where else, respecting the Queen of Scots, before the publication of the works of Mr. FROUDE. It is very evident that she was not more depraved than any lady of her time and brilliant position, educated at such a court as that of FRANCIS I., and it would be very unfair to judge her by the standard of to-day. There is no evidence that RIZZIO was her lover; in fact, the newest authority we possess shows that it was positively not so. He was simply a talented fellow who had great influence upon her fate, of course accidentally. The moment she met RIZZIO was a turning-point in her career; as from that moment her misfortunes commenced—you see I have clothed him in black—not through him, as her enemies simply caught him up as a pretense for her destruction, as they would have done with any other who had happened to fall in their way.
>
> "It always seemed to me that it would be vulgar in the extreme to represent them as lovers meeting for the first time, and my idea, if possible, was more to show that the queen had an instinctive feeling or presentiment of coming evil. This was the particular idea which so favorably inclined PILOTY to the composition when I laid it before him; and you will acknowledge that, from an æsthetical point of view, if I have succeeded in accomplishing what I endeavored to do, the picture has a deeper meaning and a more lasting interest than could possibly be given it by the other common and unhistorical idea.
>
> "The group upon the staircase are not only to balance the principal group in color, but being occupied in conversation, perhaps of a frivolous character, they present a necessary contrast to the earnest scene which is passing before them, without, however, their attention thus far being called to it.
>
> "Regarding the costumes, I will only say that I pride myself upon being exceedingly careful upon such matters. You can, therefore, rest assured that they are perfectly in keeping with the scene and period they represent. Regarding the architecture and other appointments, many, perhaps, who have not thoroughly studied such matters might be inclined to charge me with an anachronism against the traditions of Holyrood and Scottish architecture in general. I thought carefully of all this beforehand, and carried out my determination, as you will perceive, to give the whole a more decided Renaissance character rather than a Gothic one, which is the popular idea, probably owing to the old Gothic abbey adjoining the castle, and the rooms shown as MARY STUART's, where she probably never was. I never let myself be influenced by any thing but my own convictions, formed from the studies I have made. That part of Holyrood exists no more, being destroyed by fire before the time of CHARLES I. of England, who commenced repairs upon it, and a part of the present castle or palace now shown was rebuilt by CROMWELL, and completed in the time of CHARLES II. At the time of MARY STUART and ELIZABETH domestic architecture in England was predominantly of the Renaissance style. In fact, it was thoroughly so before HENRY VIII., ELIZABETH's father's time. It would be easy to imagine that, after having been so long the fashion in England, without mentioning Italy and France, where nothing else was known at the time, that a touch of Renaissance had also reached Edinburgh, as at the time of MARY STUART's father the relations were very intimate with the court of France, and the communication more frequent than even with England. I find in a series of letters published by a French traveler of the time who visited the court of Holyrood that 'Scotland was a dreary and uncultivated land'—that is, barbarous in manners and the arts—'with the exception of Holyrood,' which he describes as an 'oasis in the desert;' and he expresses his joy at having found a bit of France—of Paris; that is, the Paris or France of FRANCIS I., the great cultivator of the Renaissance architecture, manners, and customs (for there were Renaissance manners and ways of talking and walking), from whose court the gay Queen of Scots came, and of which she was a fair representative, transplanted to the uncongenial clime of Scotland, where it was natural for her to endeavor to surround herself with memories of the happy days of her youth which she so much enjoyed to call to her thoughts."

TWO HAIRS.

AND so you never heard how the love affair between Roy Lightharte and Cynthia Queen ended? I thought you knew all about it; but now I remember you went abroad that summer, and my letter containing the particulars never reached you.

Well, if you care to hear the story now, I don't mind being story-teller for an hour or so. Take that rocker—there's a fan on the table beside you; I never use them myself; don't believe in them for cooling purposes, and wouldn't care if the Spanish women had the whole lot of 'em—and hand me my stocking basket. I'll darn while I spin my yarn—which is a rhyme, and a much better one than some of our new-fangled poets are fond of making, or trying to make.

You see, Cynthia Queen, or "Queen Cynthia," as we school-girls named her, was a mighty high-strung girl, proud and honorable, but bad-tempered, and rather apt to take advantage of the title we had given her and be a little domineering on occasions. Wasn't she handsome, though! Tall, finely formed, with the darkest hair I ever saw, braided in a broad coronet at the back of her head, and eyes just as dark, and only wanting more depth to be perfectly beautiful. And then her skin—such a clear, warm brown! There's nothing ever seen like it nowadays, when blondes and brunettes all powder alike—the silly things!

We weren't a bit surprised when Roy Lightharte fell in love with her, though he wasn't as old by a year or two, and not quite as tall. He was a good-looking fellow, with brown hair that curled in summer, and waved all the rest of the time, bright, restless, hazel eyes, a womanish mouth, and a rather weak chin. He seemed perfectly daft about Cynthia at first, and was forever wandering through the woods with her, or lying at her feet, gazing up in her face as though she were an angel straight from the skies, or accompanying himself on the piano in a pretty, careless way while he sang—he had a nice, tender, love-songy voice—"Queen of my soul," and "Starry eyes," and "Shine out, fair Cynthia," and all that sort of thing. The bouquets he brought or sent her—and they numbered three a day—were always made of crimson and yellow flowers, "crimson and gold being the only colors a nut-brown queen should wear," he said; and so every night Cynthia wore a crimson flower in